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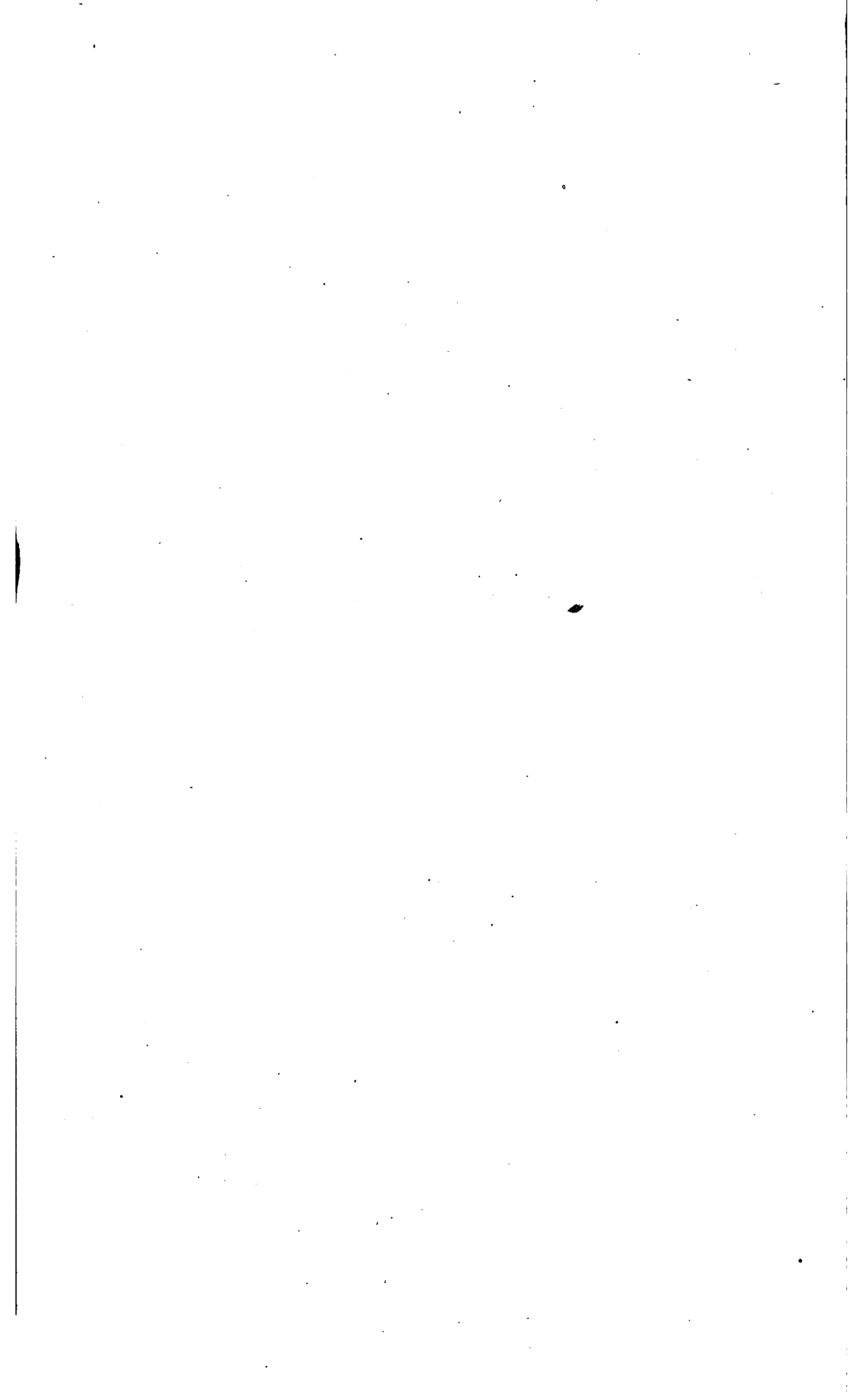


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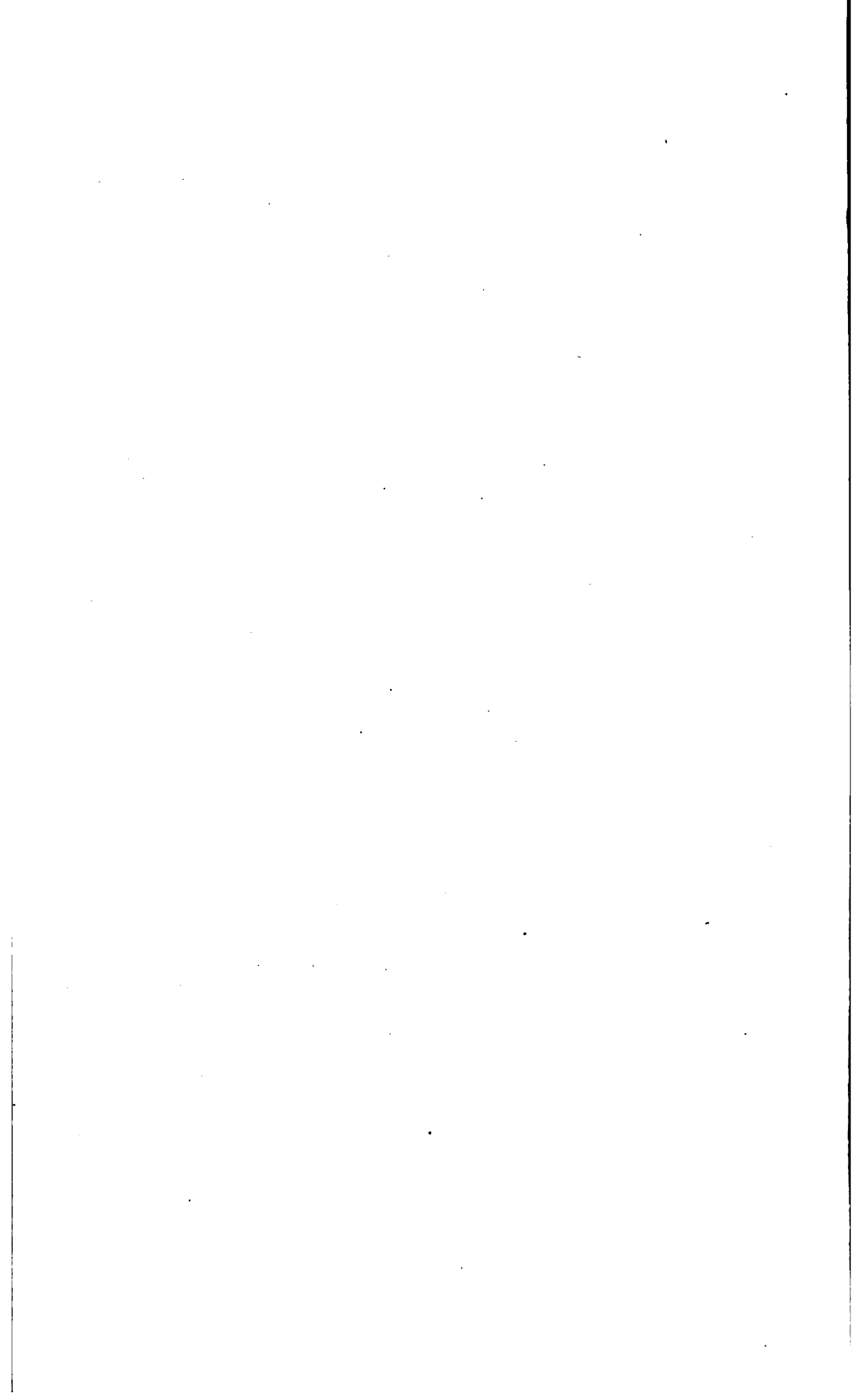
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To the Memory of

REV. SAMUEL B. SWAIM, D.D.

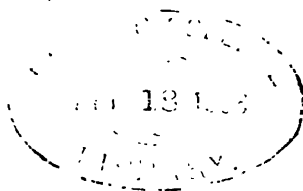
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P R E F A C E.

No better tribute can be rendered to a departed friend than a portraiture of his character, drawn from the impressions of several persons with whom he was intimate during the successive periods of his life. What it loses in individuality as the product of a single mind will be more than compensated for in impartiality, truthfulness, and comprehensiveness. For this reason, the compiler of these pages has preferred to blend together the impressions of others concerning his friend, rather than rely exclusively upon his own. It has been a labor of love. His personal acquaintance with Dr. Swaim extended over a period of twenty-five years, and formed a friendship which was never sullied by a single painful thought. He hopes that others who knew him less familiarly will love his memory the more from the perusal of these simple reminiscences.

In the selection of the sermons, he has had regard to the choice of those who heard them, rather than to his own critical preference. The first was prepared and preached at the request of his brethren of the Boston North Association; the second was delivered to his people in Worcester nearly twenty years ago; the third is upon a theme in which he took special delight; the last is the revelation of a stricken father's heart. The "Family Sketches," drawn by himself and others, are for his family alone. The whole is dedicated to his surviving children by her who has trodden life's journey with him these many years, with a mother's sincere prayer that they may follow in his footsteps, and be welcomed into his home.

O. S. STEARNS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE REV. SAMUEL BUDD SWAIM, D.D., was born in Pemberton, N. J., June 22, 1809. He was the eldest son and second child of the Hon. Thomas Swaim and Mrs. Mary Budd Swaim. His father was a man of sound judgment, of ripe experience, and great energy of character. Becoming a Baptist at a period which required much more sacrifice of position than it now does, though catholic in his feelings towards every Christian denomination, as soon as he was convinced of the specific claims of scriptural truth he recognized them, and deemed it an honor, in following out his convictions of duty, to enroll himself with a people at the time very much spoken against. Prospered above many others in his secular pursuits, and blessed with a companion who sympathized with him in her attachment to the cause of their common Master, his house became the home of Baptist ministers, and his hearthstone was made sacred by their pious conversations and prayers. Under such religious influences, young Swaim might, from his childhood, be said to have been cradled

in the deep things of God. It was there that he imbibed his reverence for the Bible. It was there that he learned to receive its teachings as final and authoritative. It was there, that, years before he became a recipient of its power, he acknowledged its wise demands upon him for the development of a virtuous, religious life.

He was endowed by inheritance with a strong, vigorous frame. His spirits were buoyant, and often exuberant. He revelled in the sports of youth, and enjoyed the exercise of work. Judging of him by his subsequent history, he must have been the beloved of his companions, the choice one of his brother and sisters, and the child in whom his parents could repose their fondest hopes.

His boyhood was marked, however, by fondness for books, rather than by aptness for the labors of the farm. At a very early age, he became the pioneer of the family for intellectual pursuits; stimulating them by his example, and leading them by his general knowledge to the fountains of information which he had already opened. The schools in the neighborhood were deficient in range and thoroughness. He soon outgrew them. His father, watching the tendencies of the boy, and desiring to allow him the full sweep of his predilections, employed the district schoolmaster—an Englishman by the name of John Bull, a pious, intelligent man—as a private teacher, under whose instructions he was fitted for college. His preparations were not equal to his desires; and it was a life-long sorrow that they were so crude and uncritical. But, with such

culture as he had acquired, at the age of seventeen he made application, and was admitted as a student in the Columbian College at Washington, D. C. As described by Rev. Dr. Stow, then a professor in the college, "in person he was short, thick-set, remarkably rotund. His gait was rolling, rather clumsy, giving him the appearance of a slow, heavy temperament. He was eminently good-natured, with a quick perception of the ludicrous, and of those remote relations of ideas which supply the materials of wit. No one equalled him in ready smartness of repartee. He was not then a Christian: but by his purity of principles, and propriety of conduct, he soon acquired the respect of his associates; and his geniality of spirit, and fund of humor, as soon made him a general favorite. To no act that involved deception, or delinquency in duty, could he be enticed."

During his first year in college, he became the subject of that decisive change in his character which gave the tone to his life. The change had doubtless been experienced before he left home, though he seems not to have been conscious of it. The buried seed had germinated; but he had not plucked the fruit. It was hidden under the *débris* of self-criticism; and he was disinclined to remove the covering, and allow it the pure air of a heavenly light. Referring to this change, and to many incidents connected with it, the Rev. Dr. Neale, his classmate at the time, and also pastor of the Navy-Yard Baptist Church in Washington, says, "Though not a professor of religion, it was observed that he was very punctual at all devotional exercises.

He took no part in college pranks. He had then the germs of that gravity for which he was so remarkable in after-life; and was sometimes called, with reference to his father's office, 'Judge Swaim.' He appeared, however, unusually thoughtful and serious. I heard it remarked by some of the students, 'That young lad from New Jersey seems homesick.' Being away from home myself, and knowing at the time what this feeling was, I took occasion to express my sympathies. This touched his heart. I see the dear fellow now. A fountain of tenderness was opened, and he wept. He told me he was away from home, and felt lonely. He spoke of his revered parents; of the religious influences to which he had been accustomed, and which he valued. He said there were no associates for him in college: he was not a professor of religion, and he had no inclination to mingle with others who frequently made light of serious things. This led to conversation about his religious impressions. He said he did not think he was a Christian, but he felt sometimes that he wanted to be one. I found that he was in the habit of secret prayer, and reading the Scriptures for devotional purposes, morning and evening. He told me of his sense of sin, and love to Christ; and that he found comfort and his only hope in looking to the cross. I said to a classmate, the Rev. George F. Adams, in whose judgment and religious character I had great confidence, 'I believe young Swaim is a Christian: I wish you would talk with him.' He did so, and remarked that 'he appeared like an old experienced believer. He understands the doctrines.

Deacon Burroughs even will admit that he is sound in the faith.' This remark arose from the fact, that some of the Baptists in Washington were at that time excessively Calvinistic, — 'Hard Shells,' as we called them. I encouraged Swaim to make a profession of religion. He did so, and was received with great cordiality by the church. He was among the first, and I think the very first, that I baptized. He had the appearance of a mere child. He wore into the water the light-colored dress he was accustomed to wear in college: there was no baptizing-robe short enough; and besides, he said, 'Those black robes look gloomy.' I remember, when about to administer the ordinance, his childlike appearance, as he stood beside me in the water, prompted the remark, 'My friends, when children give evidence of faith, as this dear youth has done, we are willing to baptize them. My brother, do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?' He bowed his head, and the appropriate seal was put upon his faith."

About this time there was a suspension of instruction in the Columbian College; and he connected himself with Brown University, entering the sophomore class. In a letter written to Dr. Stow, dated Feb. 20, 1865, Dr. Caswell, his former teacher in Washington, and afterwards professor at Providence, referring to his college life there, says, "Dr. Swaim, as I remember him, was a conscientious, diligent, painstaking student; exemplary in the discharge of his duties, not only as a student, but as a professing Christian. His collegiate life gave promise

of the uprightness and fidelity which happily have characterized his course through the whole of his public ministry." He graduated in 1830 with honor, and immediately entered the Newton Theological Institution, where he pursued the full course, graduating in 1833. "Here," says Dr. Neale, once more his classmate, "he was respected and beloved by all. He had uncommon mental strength. His piety was unpretentious, but sincere and undoubted. He was always anxious to do his duty, but had no solicitude about what he should gain by it in the estimation of others." Of the same period, Dr. Stow writes, "While at Newton, he did not accomplish all that was desirable, in consequence of 'a certain infelicity of temperament,' as it has been softly named, which sometimes interfered with a close application to his studies. The reference is to a morbid melancholy, of which he was often a prey, and which made his friends anxious lest he might not have that steadiness of purpose which his proposed walk in public life would require. This infirmity was wholly attributable to physical causes. He was the victim of dyspepsia, induced, while he was in college, by a disregard of the laws of health. Only a few days before his death, a friend, who had long known him, congratulated him on his appearance of physical vigor and his delightful buoyancy of spirit, and inquired what it was that thirty years ago made him such a sufferer. The reply was ready: 'It was all my own folly. While pursuing my studies, I thought my constitution could bear any thing. I con-

fined myself to my books day and night; I ate extravagantly; I neglected physical exercise. The penalty I had to pay was heavy; but it was just.”

On account of the state of his health, he did not, after leaving Newton, settle over any church for nearly six years. He did not feel competent to undertake so laborious a work. He was exceedingly distrustful of his abilities, and severely questioned his honesty of purpose in selecting the sacred profession of the ministry. Wherever he preached, his services were favorably received. Wherever he went, he made lifelong friends. Several churches invited him to settle with them; and more would have done so, had he been inclined to favor their invitations: but the pastorate loomed up before him in such gigantic proportions, that he shrank instinctively, and altogether too sensitively, from undertaking it. In the autumn of 1833, the Rev. Stephen P. Hill, pastor of the Baptist church in Haverhill, Mass., was obliged by ill health to recruit himself by an absence of six months. Mr. Swaim was invited to fill his place. He accepted the proposal, and was ordained in Haverhill on the 7th of November. Concerning his feelings on that occasion, and the ideal he set before him, we have a brief statement in the only scrap of diary which the hand of affection has been able to glean from the volumes of manuscripts which have been found in his study. He writes, “Came to Haverhill on the first day of November, 1833, to supply the First Baptist Church during the absence of their pastor, Rev. S. P. Hill.

Was ordained on the 7th of the same month. The order of exercises was as follows: Invocation by Rev. D. D. Pratt; reading the Scriptures, and sermon, by Rev. William Hague; charge by Rev. C. O. Kimball; right hand of fellowship by Rev. S. P. Hill; concluding prayer by Rev. Mr. Whittlesey. A solemn day to me! I have now been recognized as a preacher of the gospel. Christians and sinners, ministers, angels, and God himself, saw me thus putting on the sacred vesture. There is no putting it off with impunity. 'There is no discharge in this war.' The vows of God are upon me. I cannot go back. Hitherto I have been tempted to do so. In my occasional attempts to speak from God's word, my leanness of mind, my agitation, my confusion of ideas, my difficulty of utterance, my want of a constant, uniform, overwhelming sense of the value of the soul and the glory of God, and my want of success, so far as I can perceive, have almost persuaded me that I was not in my place, but was designed for some other part of the service. Perhaps this is still true. Time may convince me of it. The future is yet unknown. Still I feel that my duty at present is plain before me. At the very thought of retiring, I feel the apostle's words applicable to myself, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!' The wants of my fellow-men around me are great, and crying out for relief. Churches are crying out for the bread of life; sinners are perishing for the want of it. 'I heard a voice saying, Whom shall we send? and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I:

send me.' It is a glorious work ; and, if my desires were the measure of my obligation, never, never, could I doubt."

On the same page, though in a different handwriting, as if penned at some subsequent period of his life, there occurs this passage, over his own signature: "It is a poor sign when a minister is continually banging his congregation for not attending on his ministrations more constantly. Why does he not give that interest and importance to his preaching which will infallibly secure their attendance? With all their native indifference to their spiritual concerns, their opposition to the claims of religion, in brief, with all their depravity, they still have curiosity to be gratified with what is new and interesting ; they have an intellect which is craving for knowledge ; they have imagination to be interested by what is pleasing or terrific ; above all, they have a conscience. This faithful monitor requires only to be taught what is duty and what is violation. Her voice will be heard. It is mournful to think what little pains men take to address their immortal fellow-men on the most important subjects to which they were ever called to listen. On the sabbath, one day in seven, and only about two hours of that, they are usually permitted to meet their congregations ; and shall they then have nothing particular to speak about ? nothing of moment, nothing to the point ? And then how cold, how unfeeling ! as if but a matter of hearsay, or something which, if true, was still at our option to believe or not."

It was with these modest, self-distrustful impressions concerning his own abilities, generated unquestionably by his lofty conception of what a minister of Jesus Christ should be, that he entered the sphere of life with which he was identified until his death. He was every inch a man. He was richly endowed with sacred learning. He was a man of force, of grasp, of power; but he would not believe it. Though this ministry of six months was a success, he would not acknowledge it; and he preferred to rove a little longer before pitching his tent for his main life-work.

Leaving Haverhill at the expiration of the time for which he had been engaged, he wandered about from place to place, preaching a few weeks or months at a time, as opportunities opened. He was in Portland, Me., where he first became acquainted with Miss Mary N. Noble, with whom he was subsequently united in marriage. He also preached for some months in Brunswick and in Augusta. He returned to his early home, and supplied several churches in that vicinity. He then went to Ohio, where he became the Professor of Theology in Granville College for one year; and, the year succeeding, was acting pastor of the church in Granville. Subsequently, for some time, he preached in Wooster, Ohio. He would gladly have remained in the West. He had a passion for Western life: he loved its bold, athletic spirit; he was charmed with the wild scenery of its woods and hills. The ruggedness of pioneer life was in harmony with his nature. He was

pleased with the idea of laying the foundations of society. His ministry was blessed with many conversions. But the circumstances of his family seemed to require his return to New England: and accordingly he came to Worcester, Mass., where, after remaining a few months, he received, March 24, 1839, an invitation from the First Baptist Church and Society to become their pastor; which he accepted, and entered at once upon his labors.

He now found himself where all his energies could be exercised with effect. The church of which he had become the pastor had a good record. It had risen from early obscurity to a position of commanding influence in the State. It was located in a thriving, enterprising city. It was surrounded by churches of other denominations, whose pastors were men of intelligence, stimulating each other to their best endeavors. It had been founded by such men as Bentley and Going, who had laid solid timbers in the building they erected. Its membership was large and ambitious. His people could digest the strongest meat he could give them. They could appreciate his toils in their behalf, and were as ready to sustain him as to sympathize with him. They gave him a cordial welcome; and, when he left them, he left them in tears. He threw himself into his work with his whole heart. He made himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Whatever was for their interest he made his own. He preached from house to house, as well as from sabbath to sabbath. In labors

he was abundant. Sometimes over-anxious in his eagerness to win souls; sometimes depressed because the times of refreshing did not come when he looked for them; sometimes so overburdened with the demands made upon him, that his muscular frame trembled and shook as if it must fall, — he did not bate one jot of toil for the people he loved. “Cast down,” he was “not destroyed.”

Nor was it his own people to whom he gave his time and talents. He belonged to the city of Worcester, and the city of Worcester belonged to him. He cherished and inculcated the noblest and truest principles for its moral growth. He exposed the results of vice in high places and low by the press and the pulpit. Quite a volume of articles is left behind him upon the civil, moral, and educational enterprises and needs of the city, which he prepared for the newspapers. He kept his mind *en rapport* with the whole people. Like the war-horse, he smelt the battle from afar, and said among the trumpets, “Ha, ha!” and put himself at once in battle array. He deemed himself a man of God, and therefore a man for the times. Fearless of friend or foe, and yet courteous and discreet, the words which went forth from his mouth gave no uncertain sound. His heart also took in the future of his country; and long ago, when the theme was unpopular, he embraced and inculcated those principles of liberty which are now ringing out their notes of joy all over our beloved land.

But his choicest desire was to train his people, by Chris-

tian truth, to reach up unto "the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus." He longed to see them walking in the truth. He was ever stimulating them to prayer and to deeds of benevolence. He was ever urging them to break forth on the right hand and the left, to enlarge the bounds of their habitations, and to gather souls to Christ wherever a soul was to be found. He gave much time and care to the Worcester Academy,—an institution originally designed by the Baptists of its vicinity to qualify young men for secular business, and fit those who desired it for entering upon a collegiate course of education. He pleaded for it, begged for it, prayed for it, and fostered it with unwearied care. He saw it flourish, and rejoiced; he saw it decline, and mourned. The missionary organizations, home and foreign, found in him a warm friend and an earnest advocate. The churches of his own denomination, in the neighborhood of Worcester, felt him as a wise counsellor. The association to which his church belonged always welcomed his letter, as containing something fresh, suggestive, and important. It was always unwilling to close any of its sessions without one sermon from him. His ministering and lay brethren, for many miles around his home, looked up to him as a model pastor and a strong preacher. Wherever he went, he was recognized as a power.

Nor was his ministry in Worcester without palpable results in the conversion of souls and the increase of the church. From the statistics of the church, we find

that there were additions by baptism every year of his pastorate. One year, the number was sixty-two; another year, twenty-three; during the whole fifteen years, one hundred and sixty-five. When he commenced his labors, the membership numbered four hundred and thirty-two; when he resigned, the number was three hundred and seven. But the church, in the mean time, had become three bands. In the beginning of the second year of his ministry, the Pleasant-street Church was formed, taking from the mother-church sixty-seven members; and, in the spring of 1853, the Third Baptist Church was constituted, receiving from the home-church twenty-three. These colonies left their home, not from any disaffection towards the pastor, but for the increase of the body of Christ. The votes for dismissal are full of cordiality and good-will. Consulting their own preferences, they would have remained where they were; but following his lead, and their own desire to advance the common cause, they planted themselves in other localities. These thrifty churches, now an honor to the denomination, show the expansiveness of his ministry, and the wisdom of their choice. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." He found this to be true. Many left, but more came; and the old hive was never so full as during the last years of his services.

At the close of a successful ministry of fifteen years, he felt that the burden upon him was heavier than he could bear. He had toiled long and hard. His physical strength was much weakened. His health was unreli-

able. "The grasshopper was a burden." He panted for the rest of a change. Once before, at the expiration of ten years, he had tendered to his people his resignation, but it had been unanimously, and almost peremptorily, refused. They were willing he should recreate for several months; but they would not consent to his leaving them entirely. Now, however, he made known his wishes, and indicated that they were final; and on May 4, 1854, his request was "reluctantly granted." There were no official partings: he could not endure them. The fibres of his soul were too closely interwoven with the people of his affection to tear them asunder by external manifestations of sorrow. He had no fondness for display: he loved too tenderly for that. One choice memorial, however, he left behind him. Having received some tokens of friendship from his parish, just as he was leaving Worcester for his new home in West Cambridge, he sent to his people the following note: "But far exceeding all other values, is, and will be, their uses, as expressions of your kindness, and as memorials of times and seasons which I and mine have enjoyed so long and pleasantly in Worcester. Our dwelling and our duties mainly will be elsewhere; but our recollections of events, of scenes social and sacred, in this delightful city, which we are now in less than an hour actually to leave, will never grow old. Time will only allow me to add, 'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.' May the choicest of Heaven's grace descend and abide with you all; and,

should these words prove to be really parting words with any of you forever on earth, let us so live and labor that we shall meet at last, to part no more."

The church in West Cambridge where he now located himself was numerically small, and much less exacting than the field he had just left. It was in a retired spot, away from the busy hum of city life, its members chiefly well-to-do farmers, regarding themselves happy in the choice of a man, who, bringing with him an unspotted reputation and a ripe experience, might be looked up to as a wise counsellor and a faithful guide. There was little to stimulate his intellect; but there was much to refresh his heart. The people were able to afford him a comfortable support, and were willing to co-operate with him in his endeavors to build them up in the most holy faith. For a brief period he fell back upon his previously prepared resources, and rested himself by devoting his time chiefly to pastoral visitation. He gave himself to reading, and luxuriated in bringing together the fugitive thoughts of an over-excited ministry, and putting them into compact forms. He interested himself especially in sabbath-school instruction; prepared "question-books," and put them through the press; and laid the foundations of things for his own school and for many others. He recast his old sermons, and allowed himself to be called out upon public occasions, where his efforts were regarded as teeming with freshness and instruction. He wrote much for the press, kept his mind alert to catch the tendencies of the times, joined

in its controversies, sounded the note of warning, cheered on his ministerial brethren to every good work, and thoroughly identified himself with the progress of the age. His mind "grew by what it fed upon." His body became elastic, and full of vigor. As he once said to the writer, he could "mount up as eagles: he could run, and not be weary; he could walk, and not faint." It was inspiring to see him. His eye beamed with light. His face shone with joy. His whole appearance was changed. He was as gleesome and hopeful as a newborn child. Carking care and oppressive anxiety had fled from him, and he was a young man once more.

But this resting continued only a short time. The past appeared very unsatisfactory, and he longed to repair it by greater vigilance in the present. Once more he was with his people and in his people. He panted for their spiritual prosperity. He sought its promotion by encouraging revival influences. He rewrote his Worcester sermons so completely, that scarcely one of them, in its original form, can now be found. God met his desires, and granted him the wish of his heart. The church was quickened; sinners were converted. He experienced several periods of special refreshing. With these periods of extra labors, however, his health declined. He thought he knew his strength; but his strength was weakness. These hours of weakness were dark hours. Repeatedly he sought from his people release; but they were disinclined to let him go. They knew his worth; they appreciated him. Finally,

oppressed with a sense of his inefficiency, and desirous of trying the experiment of an entire respite from pastoral responsibilities, in November, 1862, after a service of nearly eight years and a half, he gave up his position at West Cambridge, and removed with his family to Cambridgeport.

But he did not find rest. He was wanted; and he could not do otherwise than work. He took upon himself the supply of destitute churches in the neighborhood. He accepted the request of the American Baptist Home-Mission Society, and wrought for it as district secretary in New England. He was desired for other posts of influence: he responded. He was happy in this more public, desultory work. Perhaps his life would have been prolonged had he given himself wholly to such labors after leaving Worcester. Moving about contributed to his vigor. Sedentary habits tended to render him morbid. But Providence had not so planned.

If we may cherish the belief that there are whispers from a higher world to our spirits, which we hardly listen to at the time, but which are interpreted by events, it would seem that he had been admonished concerning his decease. The sabbath but one previous to his departure, he preached to his former people in Worcester. It was remarked by those who heard him, that he was peculiarly tender and earnest. In the morning, he preached from Neh. vii. 2: "For he was a faithful man, and feared God above many." In the afternoon, his text was Matt. xxvii. 22: "What shall I

do, then, with Jesus, which is called Christ?" In the evening he spoke a long time, and very affectionately; and remarked, among other things of a kindred nature, "that it seemed to him as though he was giving them his last advice." It appeared so to them; but neither they nor he could realize it. But it was so to be. The common expression he made to an invalid sister of the church he visited the next day, that "many who are now well will go before you," was to be verified in his case. He was unusually vigorous and cheerful, and did not imagine that his Master was nearly done with him. But it was so. On Sunday, Jan. 30, he preached in Lexington with his wonted vigor, and, as is now remembered, with more than his accustomed pathos and power. He loved that church very tenderly, and was exceedingly anxious for its growth. Returning home the same evening, he complained of being chilly, and more than usually wearied. Monday afternoon, the disease assumed a new type, and became apparently a neuralgic affection of the chest. For the two succeeding days, his suffering was very acute; but it excited no alarm. On Thursday, the prospects for speedy, ultimate relief were exceedingly encouraging; but on Friday morning, about five o'clock, with a spasm which shook his frame, without the utterance of a word, he left for his reward. The conflict of death, which he had so much dreaded, and of which he spoke incidentally to his daughter a day or two before as a trial he feared, though he feared not its results, was passed without a thought. Supported by the arm of

his beloved companion, he was there while she supposed him here. His armor was all on. God took him in love. The chariots were waiting for him, and he mounted away without a farewell. "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated;" but his Master had done with him, and weeping friends may say no more. His age was fifty-five years, seven months, and ten days. His ministry covered a period of nearly thirty-two years, twenty-four of which were filled with the arduous duties of a faithful, energetic pastor. Like David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

The funeral services were held in the First Baptist Meeting-house, in Cambridgeport, on the afternoon of the Monday following. There was a large congregation of sympathizing friends, among whom was almost every Baptist clergyman of Boston and vicinity. All had come to express their grief and to honor his memory. The scene was not tearful, but hopeful and triumphant. We felt that he had ascended, and were awed by the glory of his ascension. The Scriptures were read by his pastor, Rev. S. R. Mason. Prayers were offered by Rev. H. J. Ripley, D.D., and Rev. Alvah Hovey, D.D., of Newton. Rev. O. S. Stearns, D.D., briefly sketched his acquaintance with the deceased, indulging in personal reminiscences, and paying a simple tribute to his worth; and Rev. J. G. Warren, D.D., followed with appropriate remarks. And then we bore away the remains to their quiet resting-place in Mount Auburn, where, by

the side of his oldest son and oldest daughter, they wait the morning of the resurrection ; when, with a body like his Saviour's, and with a soul all radiant with purity, he will be welcomed, with all those whom he aided in their heavenward march, into the mansions prepared for them, to go no more out forever.

" Servant of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

The next sabbath, the Rev. S. R. Mason preached a commemorative discourse from 2 Tim. iv. 7: " I have finished my course." It was a chaste and suggestive portraiture of his friend, and happily presented the true idea of a Christian minister.

The character of Dr. Swaim was so many-sided, that it is very difficult to present a correct idea of it. It is not the design of this tribute of love to exhaust or to eulogize. He was the last man to desire such a memorial of his name. In nature and character, he was so perfectly simple, that simplicity, like the air we breathe and the light we enjoy, is the only medium through which he can be seen in his real proportions. He was " transparent as glass, yet solid as marble." The child was in the man, and the man was in the child. When he had put away " childish things," the artlessness of the child still remained ; and memory to-day, as it looks at him through the eye of affection, sees but one element as the essence of his being,—the solidity of truth.

Calling him up before us, with the tall, sinewy, heavy, robust, and apparently strong frame, the liquid eye, and the grave face, we think, at first, of little else than his strength. He seems as one born to plod, to arrange, and to command. He looks at life from the stern side. Every thing is surrounded with the haze of solemnity and sublimity. His thoughts on "awful subjects roll, damnation and the dead." He is not graceful, and cares little for the graces. He is not made for the drawing-room: he is made for the noise and the carnage of battle. He is not a hopeful Paul: he is a weeping Jeremiah. He cannot win; but he can fight.

But never were appearances more deceitful. He was so full of strangely conflicting thoughts; he was so sensitive to the ludicrous side of life; he was so mirthful by nature, and so humorous in expressing it,—the wonder is that it never cropped out in the pulpit; yet it never did. He sometimes gave utterance to bold and quaint turns of thought, startling his hearers from their slumbers; but seldom, if ever, did he provoke a smile. When in the familiarity of home, with his children prattling upon his knees, or among his ministerial brethren, where he could unbend without exciting criticism, his innocent pleasantry and his inoffensive sarcasm bubbled out of him, and revealed the well-spring of mirthfulness, needing only the divining-rod of friendship to cause it to flow.

It is said, that on one occasion, noticing that a member of the church, by the name of Lamb, was

occasionally absent from his place on the sabbath, he spoke to him about it. "Brother Lamb," said he, "I see your seat at meeting vacant sometimes." — "Yes," was the reply. "The truth is, Mr. Swaim, I have to go down to the Methodist meeting once in a while to get fed: I don't always get fed up here." — "Well," replied the doctor, "perhaps the fodder is so high in the rack, the *Lambs* can't reach it." At another time, hearing that one of his members, who had an inveterate habit of sleeping in church, was about to move from the place, "Ah! I am sorry to hear it," he said: "I shall lose one of the best *sleepers* of my church." Dr. A. S. Patton, a member with him of a "theological club," composed of clergymen in the neighborhood of Boston, has recorded several instances of this pleasant side of his life. He says, "Some of the brethren were enjoying an after-dinner smoke. He approached them with a very serious manner, and sharply reproved them for yielding to the filthy habit. One of the brethren replied rather imploringly, "But remember, doctor, 'charity suffereth long;' " when he quickly retorted, "Yes, and is not *puffed up*; doth not behave itself unseemly." On another occasion, when we were giving an account of our reading for the month, he said he had been reading over some of his old sermons, and was surprised to find them so much better than he thought them to be. The statement was made in such a way as to awaken no little pleasant mirth; and we all concluded that it would be a very happy thing if he could be brought, in this way, to a

truer appreciation of his talents. Once, when exposing to ridicule the manner in which the Scriptures were tortured to the support of error, especially by Universalists, he remarked that one of the strongest proof-texts they could quote was, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth *not*;" declaring his conviction, that, in proof of their theory, it was just as legitimate, thus mangled, as any of the texts on which they were accustomed to rely. At another time, he brought in an essay upon Episcopacy. He had read upon the subject, and given it much reflection. A portion of it was subsequently printed in the "Boston Review," and was referred to with approbation by several newspapers. After it had passed the criticisms of the members of the "club," he made some suggestions concerning the causes why so many seemed to be drifting into "the Church." He ascribed them mainly to its latitudinarianism, and to its manifold interpretation of the "creed," allowing as it did so many shades of belief. His illustration, which will not be soon forgotten, was an octagonal mouse-trap; and, partially closing his left hand, he said in his own peculiar way, "Here it is. You are an Arminian: well, there is nothing to hinder your coming in. You are a Calvinist: that's the reason you should unite with us. You have doubts concerning future punishment: we allow differences on that point. And so," said he, naming other forms of doctrine, "there is a side at which all may come in." This love for the humorous, however, was allowed only an occasional ex-

pression. It was not an eccentricity ; it was innate : it was always under control ; it never was indulged in to the injury of any one. His friendships were too true, and his sensitiveness to wrong too keen, to inflict pain for the sake of a joke.

Far different was the general impression received by those who knew Dr. Swaim. In his home, among his people, and abroad, he was ever recognized as peculiarly devout. Having from a child known the Scriptures, and been taught to abide by their authority, and having had their essential truths wrought out in his own experience, he was not troubled with those severe questionings which often torture minds less well-instructed. Not a man of learning in the sense of extensive reading, at least reading which pertained to modern theological speculations, his mind worked chiefly in the practical applications of truth. Bible thoughts were vivid and real to him. His familiarity with the Scriptures, especially with the scenes of the Old Testament and the pithy precepts and promises of the New, made one feel that he had never studied but one book. Peculiarly apt in his quotations at the family altar, in the social gathering, around the bed of the sick, in the house of mourning, these sacred apothegms dropped as pearls from his lips. He was a true friend and an honored pastor because he was devout.

In his parental relations he was not so demonstrative as some, but more hearty than many. His children loved him more than they feared him. A word or a look

was sufficient: both word and look were full of tenderness. His soul was burning with desires for their spiritual welfare; and when they erred, or by Providence were removed from him, the strong man trembled with sorrow. Writing to a friend soon after the death of one of them, he says, "It is indeed, as you express it, an 'awful trial' through which we have passed in the loss of our little cherub at the interesting age of two years. The little image and being of the one departed seemed to fill my heart, and I feel truly sad that he is gone. Every thing wears an aspect of gloom, and can be changed only by the slow revolutions of time. I have tried, however, to feel resigned to the event, because one ordained of my heavenly Father; but it requires the exercise of pure faith to do it. Believing in God, and in Jesus as the resurrection and the life, I can assert that it is for the best; and, knowing that I have received so much that is good from the hand of the Lord, I ought not to complain or regret for what is seeming evil. But I find the grace of sanctification necessary in order to suffer as well as to do the will of God. Oh, how many a parent's heart is made to bleed under like bereavements!"

As a Christian, he was a man of a single purpose. He considered himself not his own: he deemed himself the purchased possession of Christ. Faithful to his vows, sympathetic in his feelings, strong in his convictions, bold in his utterances, he carried Zion on his heart; so that whatever wounded Christ in the house of his

friends, wounded him. A living member of the Church, he felt its pulsations, whether sluggish or feverish or healthy. Eminently a man of devotion, he walked with God every day, and kept his conscience sensitive and his heart warm; so that the feeblest call to duty was as quickly answered as the loudest. Having felt in his own soul its value, he looked upon every human being from that point of view, and sought to use all his human relations as media for the culture of the soul's highest interests. Truly humble, he was truly honest.

As a preacher he was scriptural, practical, plain, and often powerful. In manner he was dignified and manly: it was the dignity of nature, not of art. He depended upon the food he brought, and not upon the dish. Not fluent, with scarcely one of the graces of oratory as such, he rose, sometimes hesitated, apparently from a difficulty of utterance rather than from timidity; but soon borne on, and out of himself, his strong emotional nature assuming the ascendancy, he rushed on and on to the close like a river emptying itself into the ocean. He had you: he knew it, and you knew he knew it. In matter, there was ever a strong backbone of principle in his sermons. He struck for the roots of thought, and cared very little for the foliage. He was practical in the sense of ethical rather than in that of doctrinal. His text contained the germ of the sermon, but was not frequently used for more. He preached topically oftener than textually. He was didactic more than hortatory. His thoughts were clear, logical, progressive, abounding in illustrations from

Scripture and the scenes of daily life. He labored intensely for variety. He preached a great deal more from the Old Testament than from the New. He knew the Old Testament almost by heart: he very seldom repeated himself. On special occasions, at home or abroad, he never failed. Fertile in invention, prolific in good reflections, when aroused, his study has frequently known him to work out two and even three sermons per week without exhaustion. He once told the writer that he wrote his question-book on the "Harmony of the Gospels" in three days. His ministry was a ministry of every day for the times. Quick in his sympathies, and quick to detect foibles, he kindly administered the word of consolation or the word of reproof as the occasion required.

Strong men loved to hear him: his influence over them was magnetic. He himself was a unique and happy illustration of Cowper's familiar picture of the messenger of God, a passage Dr. Swaim frequently quoted: —

"Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere,
 In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
 And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men."

But we prefer to let Dr. Stow speak of him as he appeared to one whose acquaintance stretches over his entire public life. In a sketch he has kindly prepared, he says, "Dr. Swaim had the elements of a great man: his faculties were framed on a large scale; and, if they were not harmoniously developed, there was no uncomely disproportion in their growth. He was great in mental power, and great in heart. He had gigantic common sense; a characteristic much rarer than genius, yet essential to the highest order of genius. In all the sermons I ever heard him preach, I could trace the results of that regenerating process through which I saw him pass thirty-eight years ago. I can never forget how deep and humbling were his views of his own sinfulness, or how clearly he saw the righteousness of God's law in his condemnation, or how intelligently as well as joyfully he accepted Christ as a whole Saviour. The roots of his theology were deep in that primitive experience; and it was just because his theology was experimental that his preaching had such power. At his early home, he had been correctly *instructed* in the doctrines of the gospel: at Washington, he was *converted* into them, and they became to him living truths.

"His preaching was eminently evangelical; not in the narrow sense of a constant iteration of a few topics, but with a breadth comprehending principles, experience, and practical duties. Whoever may examine his manuscripts, will, I think, find the range of his topics liberal, and yet little else than pure gospel truth. He had a

system; but he was not a preacher of systematic divinity,—bones without flesh, nuts without kernels. His exegesis was not dry, but juicy with the import of the inspired text, and always evolving something to refresh the thirsty soul. There was no parade of learning; but his hearers felt that they were receiving the products of study. His reasoning was often profound: he was content with no superficial or commonplace work. But he never went farther than he could conduct the minds of his hearers; and his aim was to show the foundations of faith, and the connections between doctrines and precepts. He dealt in thought, and endeavored to make others think. His thoughts were ingots; not some baser metal gilded, but the solid substance without any sham. He tried no experiments upon either the malleability or the ductility of thoughts: his sermons had no filigree. He said many beautiful things; but I doubt if he ever preached a sermon, or a part of a sermon, merely to *entertain*. He labored to instruct, impress, save.

“He was a serious preacher. With a large fund of ready wit, sparingly used in private circles, he never drew upon it in the pulpit. His combinations of thought were sometimes peculiar, awakening pleasant surprise, but hardly provoking a smile. One of his constant hearers in Worcester remarked to me twenty years ago, ‘No preacher ever bored so deeply into my conscience as Mr. Swaim.’ Levity is not a fault of those who deal faithfully with human consciences, and hear-

ers do not laugh when the hand of the preacher is feeling after their heart-strings.

"In his pulpit efforts he was very unequal: his temperament was eminently nervous; and, in his periods of dejection, his sermons did not indicate his real power. But when he felt well, and was fairly aroused, he showed himself à Samson whose locks were unshorn: his thoughts were massive, his enunciation clear, his gesticulation expressive, his whole manner upheaving. One of his most intelligent members in Worcester said to me, 'If Mr. Swaim gives us once a month one of his best sermons, we are satisfied.'

"Outside of his own denomination, he was less known than many others of inferior ability. He had a moderate estimate of himself; and that, with a natural diffidence, made him shrink from public notice. He despised the petty contrivances by which some ministers succeed in keeping their names and sayings and doings before the public. Is there an editor of a newspaper, secular or religious, who can refer to any word or act by which he sought commendation? I never heard him complain that he was not appreciated. Retiring and modest, he was ever willing to fill the humbler positions, and leave the higher to those who wanted them. No one, I believe, ever knew him to betray envy of others because of greater elevation or notoriety. He had honors forced upon him; he never sought them: he would have been satisfied without them. Two colleges gave him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity. Neither directly

nor indirectly did he use means to procure these favors. One he declined : the other he could not refuse without seeming disrespect to his alma mater.

“In the pulpit of New England he has left, no stronger or better man. His record is unstained. Long will he be lamented.”

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Serm. I, - Amer.

SERMONS.

THE SCRIPTURAL VIEW OF THE ATONEMENT.

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way: and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." — ISA. LIII. 6.

By the scriptural view of the atonement, solicited for this occasion, is doubtless meant divine teachings in place of human opinions; not what the philosophy of men may suppose, nor their predilections choose, but what the words of the wisdom of the Holy Scriptures set forth as the actual truth.

The *importance* of knowing what really saith the Scripture in regard to the atonement can be measured alone by the practical influence allowed to it in the same sacred writings. If it be, as some have styled it, the cardinal doctrine or central truth of Christianity, as the death of Jesus is the great fact in its history, then all other views of its teachings, all ideas of duty and obligation in man, and all practical results, immediate and final, will be shaped and determined by the view first taken here. For, as the great Andrew Fuller has remarked, "the atonement is not so much a member of the body of Christian doctrine as the life-blood that runs through the whole of it. There is not an important

truth but what is supposed by it, included in it, or arises out of it, nor any part of practical religion but what hangs upon it." We may, then, well allow the full force of John Newton's happy expression:—

"What think ye of Christ, is the test
To try both your state and your scheme."

But, in the brief hour allowed to this service, how can we compass so vast a theme, how present a view which shall be somewhat comprehensive and complete, except by a bare summary of Scripture statements, with no other explanations or defence than may set them as the landmarks of the true faith? Much scriptural phraseology will not, then, surprise you.

From a view thus taken, none but the infidel or rationalist will dissent. All who revere the Bible as the sure and sufficient guide, having set their seal to the testimony that God is true, hesitate and divide on no other question than "*What saith the Scriptures?*" And they consent that the theme of all Scripture teaching is Christ. To him gave all the prophets witness, as well as apostles whom he personally led into the truth. Two different genealogies are given to identify him as the one that should come; while his very name "*Jesus,*" signified by the angel, declared the object of his coming. By all the faithful he was waited for and received as the consolation of Israel; and his advent was hailed even by a great number of the heavenly host, by pæans of lofty praise, doing such honors to the infant Jesus

as no prophet or apostle, no being in mortal form, had ever received.

Nor less remarkable all the scenes which followed, presenting to us the historical Christ, his birth, his baptism, his temptation, teaching, transfiguration, miracles, death, resurrection, and ascension. These wonderful peculiarities in the man Christ Jesus testified that a greater than Solomon, a greater than all the prophets, was there.

It is this singular personage whom the evangelical prophet here describes, and so minutely and accurately, that none but the blinded Jew and the cavilling Deist ever question the fulfilment in him. It was at this same Scripture that Philip began with the eunuch, and preached unto him Jesus. The apostle Peter so explains it in quoting from it; and the Saviour himself refers to it in order to affirm that all things written of him must be accomplished. So various, indeed, are the points of character here specified, that all which is written of Jesus in the New Testament might be arranged with them as a parallel and commentary. Your attention has been called to this chapter because of its fulness of the subject in so brief a compass; and to the text particularly, because it presents the three leading thoughts in which the whole subject of the atonement may be embraced: namely, —

ITS NECESSITY;

ITS NATURE;

ITS EXTENT.

I. The *necessity* of the atonement can be argued from nothing so conclusively as from the *fact* of the atonement. The iniquity of all gone astray was, indeed, the occasion; and, in the light of things revealed on the subject, it is not difficult for worldly reason to insist on the need of a remedy that shall both cancel our guilt and change our sinning nature. But who ever taught or believed this until first taught himself by the oracles of God? Say not the heathen in his blindness, whether rude or refined: his willing self-tortures and bloody rites, giving even his form for his transgression, show indeed a guilty, trembling conscience, yet one also groping in thick darkness, feeling it may be the need of something to shield it from wrath, yet not the something which God hath appointed.

The like efficacy is ascribed by the superstitious to penance. Those who make higher pretensions to knowledge and reason claim it for repentance and other virtues. What idea, indeed, is more common, among even frequent hearers of the gospel, than that of propitiating God, and thus meriting his favor by personal goodness? Here the wide extremes of Romanism and Rationalism meet, each relying on works, — different works indeed, yet works as a sufficient ground for acceptance with God. To the natural mind, the atonement is ever a stone of stumbling. It is slow to believe, slow to perceive, back of all duties, and deep down underneath all good hope and all true excellence of character, a foundation, a sure foundation, other than

which no man can lay. From no reason or fitness of things, from no analogies in nature, history, or experience, can the necessity of the atonement be deduced, much as may be thence gathered to illustrate what is already revealed. All human testimony is rather the other way; for under all human law, domestic and civil, offences may be and are forgiven, with no other reparation than repentance.

The shorter and surer course of argument is left to fall at once on the *fact* of the atonement, well assured that what God did or required was a necessity. Jesus taught that the cup he gave to his disciples symbolized his own blood, shed for the remission of sins. Phraseology like this, to the ear of a Greek, might seem to be quite mystical or absurd; but to the Jew it had full and clear significance.* He had read expressly in the law, that "the life of flesh is in the blood that was given upon the altar to make atonement for the soul."

In all offerings to release from civil penalties, he saw the blood of animals poured out before the Lord; and in the suffering endured, the punishment due the offender against God. In all the services of the sanctuary, prominent everywhere was the same show of blood. All things were, by the law, purged with it; and without the shedding of blood there was no remission. But why or how was remission of sins possible *with* the shedding of animal blood? Was there any natural and necessary

* With the idea of *blood* he was made familiar by the entire ritual of his worship.

connection? Obviously none. No offering, sacrifice, or service from human hands could have any propitiatory power with God. The gold and the silver were already his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

“Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all might flow in vain.”

All the victims slain upon Jewish altars had regard, as the Epistle to the Hebrews so fully explains, to the offering made once for all; all having no merit, no meaning, only as they pointed to

“That sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.”

To all such prefigurations, Jesus was the one grand counterpart.

“The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased, —
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.”

The prophet here describes him as a lamb led to the slaughter, on whom was *laid our iniquity*, as the hand of the confessing penitent was laid upon the animal borne away for sacrifice.

It was, then, no conjecture of John the Baptist in saying of Jesus, “Behold the Lamb of God!” no novel doctrine of Peter to represent his blood as that of a lamb, verily pre-ordained before the foundation of the world. Both implied some special meaning or influence in his dying sufferings. His own lips, indeed, foretold

the eventful hour when he should be lifted up, and the moral power of that fact. Though condemned under Pontius Pilate, and led away to be crucified, he laid down his life of himself, yet not for himself. He did not call to his rescue twelve legions of angels. Representations so peculiar were never made of any prophet, apostle, or saint, though subjected as many were to the like bloody ordeal.

Jesus was indeed a martyr, a dying witness, to his truth. As such, he evinced rare fortitude, sincerity, benevolence, and other virtues; and, as such, left us an example to follow his steps, armed with the same mind, and resisting unto blood, if need be, striving against sin and the contradiction of sinners. A martyr indeed he was, a victim of the cruelest injustice, being taken by wicked hands, crucified and slain. So were others for a similar cause, before and after, like the stars for multitude. The martyr suffering, however, was but a human event, having a human aspect, on which human eyes could gaze, and did gaze, in wonder or sorrow or delight. But Jesus, while a martyr, was much more. Behind the gloomy cloud of that momentous scene shone forth another aspect, bright with celestial glory, which the princes of this world saw not, neither scribe nor disputer, and which is yet hid from many wise and prudent. It was the brightness of heaven opened for Adam's lost race.

“The Lord of glory dies for men,
With love and grief beyond degree.”

His humiliation and toil and tears and blood, and sweat of agony, were, upon earth, all alike visible to mortal eyes; but their moral meaning reached the heavenly throne, outvying in wisdom and love the work of creation itself.

“Redemption! — ’twas creation more sublime;
 Redemption! — ’twas the labor of the skies;
 Far more than labor, it was death in heaven, —
 A truth so strange, ’twere bold to think it true,
 If not far bolder still to disbelieve.”

In this fact of the atonement, all the faithful in Christ Jesus, of every name, are well agreed. Here all adherents, both of Calvin and Arminius, of John Gill and John Wesley, are joined in the fellowship of saints. Here even Murray and Winchester no less strongly believed, though their glorifying successors as strongly deny. But here the rationalist — the free-thinker inside of the Church — is at serious fault, in his hope to rear a superstructure without this precious and only corner-stone.

II. Come we to view the *nature* of the atonement. The English word is found but once in the New Testament. Yet the original term thus translated occurs frequently, and is called reconciliation. At-one-ment signifies the same, — bringing together parties at variance. But by an easy and frequent metonymy, taking the effect for its cause or with its cause, the atonement, in all theological usage, denotes the expiatory substitute in the death of Jesus, whereby sinning mortals may

have forgiveness of God, and be made partakers of his holiness. The sufferings of Christ are therefore called vicarious, endured for the sake or in the place of others, not by his own desert. So the text affirms. The Lord hath laid on *him* the iniquity of *us*. How explicit, and in various forms repeated, is this idea in the context! "Surely he hath borne *our* griefs, and carried *our* sorrows. He was wounded for *our* transgressions; he was bruised for *our* iniquities: the chastisement of *our* peace was upon *him*, and with *his* stripes *we* are healed. He bare the sins of *many*, and made intercession *for* the transgressors."

How common is the like phraseology too, in all explanations of the dying of Jesus, given by Paul, Peter, and John! Our redemption is through his blood. We are reconciled to God by the death of his Son. We are saved from wrath through him. He suffered for us, the just for the unjust. He died for us, for our sins, according to the Scripture. By his own blood he hath purchased the Church. By his blood, those afar off are made nigh. All these are but few of many repetitions of the prophet's account, and of Christ's own gracious words respecting his blood, shed for the remission of sins.

The fact that while men were yet sinners, ungodly, Christ died *for* them, is put in contrast with the feeble and rare love of mortals, who scarcely for a righteous man would die; and in wider contrast with the blood of bulls and goats, confessedly vicarious sacrifices, we are

assured that much more shall the blood of Christ, who offered himself, purge the conscience from dead works to serve the living God. Nor less obvious is this feature of the atonement in the figure of the propitiatory or mercy-seat, where God dispensed pardon; when the sacred surface was sprinkled with blood, and thereby was made "an atonement for the holy place for the uncleanness of the children of Israel." All the bloody offerings of Judaism would have no merit, only as they pointed to

" This sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they ;"

and all its ceremonials would have no meaning whatever in relation to Jesus, only as they shadowed forth this leading peculiarity in his sacrificial death,—its vicariousness. Back, too, in the patriarchal age, from Abel's lamb to that of the Passover, are many like anticipations in persons and things, to say nothing of predictions from Moses to Malachi, all harmonizing here with singular exactness. "The two Testaments," says an old writer, "may be fitly resembled to the doors of the temple, the one whereof infolded the other. The Old is the New infolded; the New is the Old explicated." And what a remarkable infolding and explicating it is! The dying Messiah between them might be "fitly resembled" to a brilliant luminary between two majestic mirrors of a thousand concaves, where reflections and re-reflections are seen in endless perspective; type, prophecy, and prefiguration of countless varieties, answered

by recorded fulfilments, all converging in this great Fulfiller and End of the law for righteousness.

From representations so various and numerous, not in words only, that may change their meaning with time and place, but also in metaphors taken from facts and things, customs and localities, speaking but one language to all minds and in all generations, is it wonderful that the great majority of reverent Bible-readers should have so learned Christ? Could any forms of language represent, if these do not, vicarious sufferings, giving as they do this idea every particular form and phase and feature that words, analogies, and emblems of endless varieties, could possibly embody?

If the inquiry, then, be, How vicarious? in what sense "dying for us" as a substitute, and not example? or how

"Slain in the guilty sinner's stead"?

We reply, Certainly not that Jesus endured the length or kind or amount of suffering, precisely this and not that, which the saved would have personally experienced. Because what he procured for sinners is now compared to a release from captivity, debt, or burden, and now to a blotting-out of names from a criminal calendar; here to a cleansing from bodily disease or defilement, and there to relieving the hungry, thirsty, weary, or oppressed; presenting by these and other familiar images the more clearly the one great idea of deliverance, the common salvation,—is it right, fair, is it scholarly, to deduce all sorts of collateral ideas beside; to graft men's

notions upon the divine planting as really true and legitimate branches? If so, what else may we expect but the variety of confusion in creeds quite to contradiction, and a strife of words to much less profit than about endless genealogies? All such metaphors "are meant to body forth mainly one idea," as Archbishop Tillotson so aptly remarks of parables, "like two balls in contact, touching at one point, not like parallels meeting at many." This one idea is that of Christ so dying for sinners, or for their sins, that they can have forgiveness and eternal life. He suffered what was their due, as though he were guilty; and they are justified, as though they were guiltless. Call this, if you will, imputation on either side, or both sides: it is the plain, popular, and essential idea of a suffering Saviour, redeeming transgressors from the curse of the law by being made a curse for them.

To the question, how or why his sufferings availed for this purpose, it is not so easy to make answer; though here, too, speculation has been fruitful in queries and theories which would quite make the word of God of none effect. The very wording, however, of what is revealed, seems to afford some 'clew to reasons underlying the facts. The propitiation which God set forth is said to have declared his righteousness, that he might be the just and the justifier; "declare," the writer repeats, as though the idea were important. It was a majestic announcement to angels and men, a demonstration before the universe of inflexible adherence to the violated law,

in connection with abounding love to the guilty, helpless, hopeless violators.

The atonement did not, as objectors have assumed, *make* God merciful, either creating or increasing a disposition of kindness in him towards sinners. It laid a foundation for their hope by giving them a new probation; or, as the old divines had it, brought them on to salvable ground. It opened a way for their access to the Father through the veil of Christ's flesh, yet first of all a way of his access to them, whereby he could, honorably to himself, as a just and veracious Lawgiver, exercise the loving-kindness worthy of him, and inherent in him, as the Blest Supreme.

It was, indeed, a way of his own matchless wisdom as well as love, far surpassing the ken of mortals. Which things the angels desire to look into; wondering, it may be, with what possible consistency, by what mysterious law of love, God, having spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, could yet show mercy

"To sinners of a mortal race,
And make them sons of God."

It was a plan, we are told, having length and breadth and height and depth passing knowledge; a fathomless, boundless mysteriousness of godliness, where finite spirits may well wonder, and may ever gaze to admire and tremble, but not to cavil and deny, or to disbelieve, merely because all its far-reaching connections and nice dependencies are not fully laid open to mortal view.

Let us believe rather in the reply of the old philosopher to his wondering disciples, versified by a later pen:—

“ The more of wonderful
Is heard of him, the more we should assent.
Could we conceive him, God he could not be,
Or he not God, or we could not be men.
A God alone can comprehend a God.”

One intimation of the value of the atonement is given in the *sinless character* of Him who made it. He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. The Lamb led to the slaughter was without spot or blemish. The Priest was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, who needed not as other priests to offer up sacrifices first for his own sins. Wherefore he had somewhat to offer. More than this, he was made higher than the heavens. The Word which became flesh was in the beginning with God, and was God. God manifest in the flesh! Born a child, and yet a king! What wonderful union was here, as displayed at every step of his history! What grace and meekness, joined with what dignity and power! See celestial purity and wisdom beaming from a human face. Hear heavenly eloquence drop from human lips. Behold deeds of unearthly kindness and power start into being at the fiat of a human voice. Well might the violated law, speaking out its severest thunders, be appeased, magnified, and made honorable, by a sacrifice combining virtues so peculiar, so transcendent. God in Christ reconciling sinners to himself! Mystery of mysteries!

What then? vain philosophy may inquire. Did the divine nature suffer with the human? and, if so, more or less than the human? Who is prepared to affirm? who to deny? But what is that to thee if no Scripture view can be had of it?

Yet we may well conclude that Jesus bare our griefs as mere humanity could not. The iniquity of us all laid upon him was no common weight of agony. We have no reason to suppose his bodily suffering greater than that of the malefactors by his side. Many martyrs for his name's sake have heroically endured perhaps more excruciating forms of death; yet

“He sank beneath the mighty load.”

There appeared an angel unto him, strengthening him. Why was it? Was it the ignominy of the cross joined to his physical pain? Was it the justice taken away by men who sat in Moses' seat? Was it the reviling and buffetings of the brutish and wicked? or was it because despised and rejected by his *own*, and, by their choice, numbered with transgressors? Have not all like griefs been borne by the disciple and servant, as well as by the Master and Lord?

But see that blessed form of flesh, ere nailed to the bitter cross, lowly bowed in dark Gethsemane.

“The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see.”

His soul was troubled, exceedingly troubled, and in sight

of the appalling undertaking, as if ready to falter and fall back, was pleading, "What shall I say?" Did say, "Father, save me from this hour! Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" Did say, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" That innocent soul, so keenly, delicately sensitive to the pure and the right, possessing all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, all the fulness of the Godhead, could measure the full claims of the law sinned against on the one hand, and the deep deservings of sinners on the other, — a race of sinners, all with one consent madly rushing upon its tremendous curse, in dreadful haste to die. That innocent soul, too, was one of the kindest, tenderest love. It could have compassion on those out of the way; could be touched as no other with the feeling of their infirmities, being a partaker of the like flesh and blood, and tempted in all points like as they were. To this shall we add, above all, what the prophet intimates, affirms rather, — little as we can know its wondrous meaning, — "It pleased the Lord to bruise him and put him to grief"? The Lord made his soul an offering for sin. He was "stricken, smitten of *God*, and afflicted." "Awake, O sword! against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow." Surely we may well allow he was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

In whatever consisted the merits and efficacy of Christ's suffering, certain it is his atonement was accepted. In the Well-beloved the Father was well pleased. In all the tears and toils of his humiliation, his own

name was glorified. Approved of God with mighty signs and wonders, Jesus received the full testimonial of his finished work in the grand consummating proof, his resurrection from the dead; and thus became the Son of God with new power. Having spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it, he ascended to his glory, leading captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. See Pentecost invested with new glory: see new faith and fortitude in timid, doubting disciples; new powers of utterance; new displays of the Spirit; new convictions of sin, righteousness, and judgment. Mightily grew the word of God and prevailed, when, through Jesus our Saviour, was poured upon the world the renovating power of the Holy Ghost. The Great High Priest having passed into the heavens,

“His precious blood, that once atoned,
Now will plead before the throne.”

And does his *blood* only plead there? So says Knapp; because the high priest, typifying the Son of God, never offered prayer when he went within the veil. But our Lord was prophet as well as priest; an advocate who ever liveth to make intercession; one whom the Father always heareth. In this capacity he promised the Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost; and in this he is exalted to give repentance, as well as remission of sins. While Prince of life, and Lord of glory, he is King in Zion, Head over all things to the Church, and the direct Author of salvation to all them that obey him.

III. The *extent* of the atonement; for whom intended, and in what degree. The text, again, is plain. It is the iniquity of us *all* which is laid upon him. Of what "all"? Why is it not fair to infer, of the all gone astray? In some sense, certainly, in some important sense, Christ tasted death for every man; was the propitiation for the sins of the whole world. His advent was to be glad tidings of great joy unto all people. This wide latitude of words is no doubt, in some cases, meant only to distinguish the world from the Jews, in order to dissipate the narrow prejudices of the Jew by the impartial liberalism of a common Father, granting as readily unto the Gentiles eternal life. Yet the word "all" is not unfrequently used in its own literal, unrestricted sense. The all for whom Christ died were the all dead.

Besides these broad statements, there are various allusions setting forth the wide possibilities of the atonement. It is compared to a great supper, where all things are ready, and for all people that can be reached by urgent invitations; also to a refreshing fountain, to which every one that is athirst, and whosoever will, may come. Teaching all nations, yea, preaching the gospel to every creature of the nations, is made the imperative and inviolable duty of the Church. Would that the Church so understood it! But could such explicit assurances be else than uncandid and unkind, if the atonement were in no reasonable sense intended for all? How could the faithful saying be worthy of *all* acceptation, if it could

not, in the nature of things, by all be accepted? This spirit of universal love marks the entire letter of the gospel, excepting no class nor condition of men that hears the joyful sound but such as discredit and refuse it. How much like this wide provision for spiritual wants is the divine bounty, poured in rich sunbeams and life-giving atmosphere around the globe, penetrating every solitary human habitation!

Will any infer from this fulness provided a failure in the purpose, or plan of application, unless the all be actually saved, and hence a waste of atoning blood? As well infer that the sun and shower, falling plenteously on the barren desert or among worthless thorns, are a failure. As well presume that the earth's annual harvest, its immense varieties of herb and grain, and fruit and flower, so much of which is never gathered for human comfort, to say nothing of its millions of fertile acres lying untilled, or of its leagues of fruitless wild-wood, rock, and mire, are all a waste of divine skill and goodness, and a denial of the divine foresight. Why not also infer that the many Bibles given away but never read, or the gospel never regarded, though heard the thousandth time, with all its sabbaths and prayers enjoyed by many that perish, are a waste of ordinances, and were never meant to be thus applied? But why suppose that predestination must limit the atonement provided, more than the means required to offer and apply it?

The truth is, God's thoughts and ways are above those

of men, as the heavens are above the earth. His arithmetic is above theirs: it is that of round numbers, not of fractions. He deals in principles of the widest charity, that all may behold the glory of the divine amplitude. Besides, if the atonement has done full honor and satisfaction to the law, to which all were subjected, and by which all were condemned, why, in the nature of things, could not the all be saved by it as well as the few; like the same depth of channel required for one vessel floating a thousand; or the same meridian sun, which educes from the soil and ripens for the harvest the fruits of one acre, doing the same around the whole earth? It would be only characteristic of the Father of common mercies to provide plenteous redemption, fulness of grace,

“ Enough for each, enough for all,
Enough for evermore.”

So plenteous and so full indeed has he provided, as to avail for the countless millions that have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, whether it be owing to their incapacity of knowing any law, or to their misfortune in not knowing *the* law, if doing by nature the things contained in it, fearing God, and working righteousness. Our Lord is very pitiful, and is by no means a respecter of persons to exclude such. Just and right is he: our Rock is perfect.

Yet on every page of Scripture, distinctly seen as the sunbeam, and essential absolutely to any true hope in

the atonement, is the necessity of faith, cordial and true, in him that knows it, or may know it if he will. To receive is to believe it. Here this universal and impartial love has limitation. The promise is to them only that believe, and evince the fact by fruits worthy of faith. The revealing of such light and love as beam from the cross makes altogether a new issue in probation; presents new test-points of obedience: so that he is condemned already that believeth not in the name of the only-begotten Son of God. Whatever circumstances favor or disfavor the actual offer of reconciliation, whatever in the zeal or languor of the Church, whatever in the sovereignty of God, certain it is that the sinner who would have life in Christ must come to him; and he that cometh will in no wise be cast out. This is a kind of universal-ism which it can never be unsafe or sinful to preach, but an imperative, urgent duty rather, all told in four emphatic words,—Christ is able to save to the *uttermost all* that come unto God by *him*.

Observe, again, the degree or measure in which they who believe receive the atonement. They are justified from all things. They are cleansed from all unrighteousness. They have abundant pardon, though their sins be as scarlet and crimson; and abundant renewing of the Holy Ghost, followed through life with abundant consolations, and to the end of life with abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom. On every side of the precious grant, as on the prophet's roll, we see written fulness, fulness. It is the fulness of a treasure, the

unsearchable riches; the fulness of a fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness.

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day.”

Though cut off by his crimes from all hope and sympathy of men, his humble prayer of faith brought a quick return of assurance in the heavenly paradise. Publicans and harlots, yea, the most hardened and hopeless of ruined humanity in any class, may go into the kingdom of God. Oh! tell them of it quick. Though despised of all on earth, and forsaken to perish, they may be received of the Lord as sons and daughters, redeemed from all iniquity, and may walk in robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. This fulness is, joyful thought, also *free*. Salvation is a priceless gift, without cost to thee, though it cost the precious blood of Christ. Thou art justified *freely* by his grace. “Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with thy money, but hast wearied me with thine iniquities; but I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions.” See, again, what is so full and free is also *sure*, unfailing. It is perpetual mercy, never to be recalled, never exhausted. It is a fountain of ceaseless flow, springing up into everlasting life. The justified shall be glorified. To those that are in Christ Jesus there is no condemnation. “Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God’s elect?” Who is able to pluck them from the Father’s hands?

Verily, beloved, we may joy in God through the Lord

Jesus Christ, by whom we have secured the atonement. For see, in the great salvation now described,—

1. The amazing *goodness* of God. What variety of epithets is employed to declare it? It is pity; it is patience, gentleness, forbearance, compassion, long-suffering; loving-kindness; it is mercy, grace; it is the exceeding riches of grace; it is love which passeth knowledge. And, oh, what manner of love! See, in the Lamb led to the slaughter, opening not his mouth, a voluntary humiliation, and willing obedience unto death, even the death of the cross. Willing!—why, how was he straitened for the baptism till accomplished! It was intense eagerness to save. It was joy set before him to see his seed, the travail of his soul satisfied to justify many. Yes, Pilate, behold the man!

“ See, from his hands, his head, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!”

And ye that pass by all these wonders of the cross, unsaved, unmoved, is it nothing to you? Hearts of stone, relent, relent. It is something to you. There is no other saving name, no other foundation: there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking-for of fiery indignation; and for whom more certainly than for those who have trampled under foot the Son of God, and counted his blood an unholy thing? Oh! if Jesus shall indeed bear in heaven the wounds of his resurrection-body, showing the very print of the nails and the spear which humbled unbelieving Thomas, ye shall

look on him whom ye have pierced, and shall mourn. Oh the wrath of the Lamb, from which the mountains and the rocks cannot hide you, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe! For this Jesus, now despised and rejected of men, will be the Judge. Once he was in his humiliation; but, when he comes again, it will be in his glory, the glory of his Father, and all the holy angels with him, to give to every one as his work shall be. He is the Amen and true Witness, the Resurrection and the Life, the Lord of the dead and the living; having the keys of death and hell; who openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth. At his all-animating voice, all in their graves shall come forth, the earth and the sea give up their entombed millions, small and great, to stand before his judgment-bar. "How shall ye escape, if ye neglect so great salvation?" Why, after hard and impenitent hearts, treasure up for yourselves wrath against the day of wrath?

2. See again, in this atonement, the amazing *power of motive* shown forth! Here it is only putting you in remembrance of things you are most familiar with and established in to mention the love which is due from disciples to Him who hath so loved them, — love due to his brethren, called to be saints; and love to the perishing, wherever found, of every clime and coast. If God so loved us, then ought we to love one another; ought, if need be, to lay down our lives for the brethren; ought to be tender-hearted, forgiving one another,

even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us; ought to be followers of God as dear children, walking in love as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us. As well let the man forgiven of ten thousand talents, with nothing to pay, avenge on his brother for a hundred pence, as the Christian be unkind and unforgiving to those that offend him. Seventy times seven is the narrowest limit of his patient, forgiving, enduring love. Had Jesus compassion on the shepherdless multitude?

“Did Christ o'er sinners weep,”

pleading for them, pleading with them, that they might be of his fold, and behold his glory? And shall the friend of Jesus evince no grateful sympathy with him in such a cause and kingdom; no fellow-sympathy for the lost and dead in sin; none for children, parents, nearest and dearest to his heart, loved as his own flesh? Has he no time to pray and labor, and watch and wait, and no heart for it? Will he not have continual sorrow and great heaviness of heart till they have submitted themselves to the righteousness of faith?

Would you have reasons and motives for outward charity to save the perishing stranger, for honoring the Lord with your substance, and as the Lord hath prospered you, and every one according to his ability? Ye have many, and might have many more, in all the good and the ill of life as it is, in all successes, in all failures; but enough, enough, if ye know the grace of our Lord

Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor. And ye whom he hath called to be not saints only, but ministers of his saints, and the very saviors of sinners, in this great atoning, reconciling work, what weighty reasons press your hearts to urge with all your gifts of knowledge, faith, and utterance, and with all long-suffering and doctrine, in season, out of season, this one entreaty put into your lips, as though God did beseech men by you,—be ye reconciled to God! The love of Him who died for all, and with special honor has thus counted us faithful, constraineth us, or should do it; bearing us on to the endeavor with the impetuosity of outgushing waters, like a mighty head-tide, at once giving velocity and power to the wheel it is poured upon.

Will not such love constrain also to continuance in the work? If it be not in the same pastorate, or in any pastorate, will it not be somehow in this same work of reconciliation, testifying repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, until the same manifest leadings of the Holy Ghost separate a man from it which separated him to it? Though he may feel justified as far as concerns covenants with men, by his cold requitals and little apparent success, to quit his vocation at his own option, how can he annul his engagement with the great Head of the Church, and ignore the woe and necessity he has laid upon him? Why should he, while the same gracious love still repeats the promise, "With you alway, unto the end," and while the same

gracious, patient example, too, remains, — that of the Good Shepherd caring for a little flock, and none the less anxiously at the coming of the wolf in the shape of danger or difficulty? Though denied by one disciple, betrayed by another, and forsaken by all, he loved them unto the end; foreknowing their fickleness and failings, yet praying to keep them from the evil. See this strange endurance of affection reproduced in the apostle, who loved the more abundantly, though the less abundantly being loved; imparting, not the gospel of God only, but his own life also, because souls were dear to him. How can we drink of such a cup, be baptized with such baptism, except by the like strength of love? Yet, without it, how can we attest our sincerity in the high calling before many gainsayers?

But, this aside, do we, brethren, while preaching Christ, preach enough of him, — enough fully, distinctly, urgently? Standing at whatever point in the wide circumference of religious truth, do we invariably direct attention to the magnificent centre, — Christ, who is all, and in all? Will not his wondrous life and doctrine allow scope enough to the best order of talent and learning, and variety of themes enough for the very few and very brief opportunities of modern pulpit discourse? Have not the most gifted, most honored, and successful ministers of Christ thus testified in fact and deed from the beginning until now? See Edwards and Fuller, Hall and Griffin, Payson and Mason, Stillman and Staughton, with many others ranged in the true apostolical line, all

illuminating their wide range of thought with this same radiance from Calvary. Their massive arguments touching the cross, or their moving, melting thoughts of its love, could somehow suit even fastidious ears, without recourse to any novelties of another gospel, any pretty conceits of style or sentiment, or to any trickeries of art, much less of humor to court a smile in order to woo a soul. Even in our own times of novelties and agitations, see but a stripling in this armor of the cross piercing the hearts of the king's enemies, whereby many fall under him; delighting us with proof that the same old Jerusalem blade has not lost a particle of its ethereal temper; showing us, that, while the offence of the cross has not ceased, neither has its power and glory. Yes, Spurgeon is electrifying two continents at once, not merely by his rare gift of utterance, but by words, printed words, perspicuous, earnest, continuous words, in testimony of Jesus! Do the pretentious, frivolous Greeks inquire who reads Spurgeon and admires? Tell them, the people, — just such people as constitute nineteenth-twentieths of the American population, and just such people as are to-day perishing in unbelief by majorities in all these free, educated, highly civilized States of New England. Brethren, where are we? Is it not well to consider, at least to allow inquiry, — this inquiry? May not this doctrine of the atonement be so inwrought into all our reflections and inquiries, all the workings of our hearts, so fill the horizon of our mental observation, so permeate and saturate and sanctify us, that we cannot

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in the nature of things know aught among men save Christ, and him crucified ; at least, under the name of preaching ?

But glory, ye beloved, one and all, now and ever, in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Be ye crucified by it unto the world, and the world unto you. Blind will ye be to the purest, truest effulgence of love, — to more than filial, parental, than all mortal love ; dead will ye be to the noblest of all impulses, — dead to the highest commanding thoughts of God and man, — if, with your hope and joy in the Redeemer, you do not find here, just here, in his atonement, motives to every good word and work.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FAITH.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed," — JOHN xx. 20.

THERE are, then, two kinds of belief, with an important difference between them, as here asserted by one well qualified to testify, — one upon the evidence of what is seen, the other without it; and the latter only is commended, and insured a blessing. How may we understand it? The simple fact that called forth this distinction was, that Thomas, when told by his fellow-disciples that they had seen their risen Master, did not credit their testimony, and, before doing it, insisted on the proof of his own eyes, and still more on the evidence of another sense, — his touch. "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Jesus, in great condescension to his weakness, allowed him the favor, and at once put all his doubts to rest, and extorted from him the adoring, believing confession, "My Lord and my God!" But this demand of Thomas, though allowed him, was not approved, but rather reproved. He had questioned testimony in the case which ought to have satisfied him, —

that of brethren who had testified to what they had seen, and, as he knew, could have no reason or motive for telling what they did not believe. He knew, besides, that their doubts in regard to the resurrection of their Master had been much like his own. So strange an event, though predicted by lips which had never deceived them, they were slow to think would really take place. Though glad enough to welcome it if it were possible, they were taken by surprise to find it a reality, and, in their glad amazement that they had seen the Lord, quickly announced it to Thomas, who was not with them when Jesus came, and thereby lost the benefit of that opportunity. But their testimony does not suffice. He seems to be incredulous even to obstinacy; insisting not only on proof like that which they had, but even more. He must see, and also feel. He must put his finger into the very print of the nails which had pierced the hands of the Crucified, and thrust his hand into the side which the spear had wounded. Though allowed the evidence called for, as if to show that there should be no disagreement among the eleven, the doubter was told significantly, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

See we not, in this little circumstance, the grand explanation of that eminent, comprehensive, saving virtue which the Scriptures call FAITH,—that feeling, conviction, or persuasion of the mind towards God, which has everywhere his high promise of reward and blessing?

All men readily believe what their own eyes or ears

or other senses testify, and the deductions they can fairly make from the same in what is called reasoning. Besides personal observation and reasoning upon it, we get other knowledge and conviction from the testimony of others. If a person tells us what he saw or heard on the other side of the globe, but which we could not know personally, or scarcely form a judgment about, we can feel no assurance of it, and proceed to no action in relation to it, only as far as we believe him; that is, confide in his testimony. Apply this thought to the testimony which God has given of himself in all matters pertaining to his moral law and to human salvation, and we have the true idea of religious belief, — faith as it is called, — the evidence of things not seen. A person must, indeed, use his eyes and ears and reasoning powers, if not human testimony or opinion besides, in order to determine where a revelation is made, what book contains it, and what is the meaning of its words when rightly interpreted, — what is truth. But, that point once settled, the next thing important is to accept the testimony, believing it, and thus setting to it our seal. God is true, whether things seen, things apparent to the eye or the mind from any human source, give confirmation or not. What the Scripture really saith is to be believed: and the character or conduct corresponding to the same is called walking by faith, and not by sight; living by faith; looking not at the things which are seen. The blessedness of so doing is here strongly affirmed. Let us observe several particulars in which it is manifest.

I. In the knowledge or the right ideas and principles thus derived. If there be any blessing in truth more than in error, in a right religion more than in a wrong religion, or in no religion at all, it must come from simply believing what the Scripture teaches ; its chief purpose being to reveal what man's eye or ear or reason could not discover. Thus only can we know many early historical facts. By faith we know that the worlds were made by the word of God ; accepting his own testimony, that "in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is." How could we know it from any human eye-witness if the world was made before man himself? By faith only can we know that the world will have an end. Man cannot foresee it. He knows not what shall be even on the morrow. By faith only could Noah anticipate the deluge. He could judge from no appearances, no analogies or experience ; but, "being warned of God of things not seen as yet," he prepared the ark, while others, who planted and builded, and married and were given in marriage, believing only from things seen, believed what was untrue, and in due season met their doom. It is of things not seen as yet in the resurrection and the final judgment and all the solemn issues of it, that the word of God gives the like plain testimony. That Christ came in the flesh, and from his glory which he had before the world was ; that he came as a Saviour to the lost ; that he was God manifest in the flesh, and the one Mediator, and Head of the Church ; and all, in short, that is pecu-

liar to the great fact of redemption, and constitutes Christianity,—how could it be known, or even conjectured, except from the same divine testimony? “The world by wisdom knew not God.” Its profoundest sages, whatever else they knew, did not know many religious truths which are plain to the humblest Christian believer. Even the doctrine of the soul’s immortality, men called philosophers, and the wisest of their times, like Plato, Socrates, and Cicero, who wrote on that subject, entertained only as a conjecture. They taught nothing positive and certain; nothing which could solve the old wonder, “If a man die, shall he live again?” But the many gracious words of the Great Teacher in Judæa have brought life and immortality to light, fully into the circle of things known; like the telescope revealing worlds and systems in the distance, invisible to the naked eye.

Now, if there be any blessing in knowledge more than in ignorance, or than in absurd and mischievous superstitions, especially in knowledge of religious truth, which supplies all right ideas and principles, how great is the blessing which comes from things revealed, and unseen except by the eye of faith!—how vast and various the information which the Scripture gives of God, his being, character, government; and of man, his condition, duty, wants, perils, infirmities; of all things which pertain to life and grace! It is all the advantage of sunlight compared with total darkness. Whatever uncertainty may becloud the minds of those that live

among bibles and sabbaths, without any effort to profit by them, the man who hears, reads, and believes in the witness of God as he ought, if it be a witness greater than that of men, thereby has knowledge, positive, certain information, much more to be relied on than any other kind of testimony; and so well may he be convinced and persuaded, as to feel the highest, strongest kind of assurance, which can say, "I know whom I have believed;" "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

II. Blessing comes with faith, in the happy emotions it inspires. All knowledge — useful knowledge certainly — is itself a rich mental pleasure; and religious truth creates in the heart which receives it a deep well-spring of satisfaction. All that is said of the blessed man because he is meek, or pure in heart, or merciful, or because his sin is forgiven and he fears the Lord, is true of him because of his confidence in the unseen and eternal things of the Spirit of grace. Faith is not a mere mental exercise, but a deep, practical, saving virtue. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." "By faith ye are saved through grace." It was answer enough to the trembling jailer's inquiry, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Faith, working by love, brings with it a glorious hope, and a peace which passeth understanding. It lays such strong hold on the divine promises, that it adores, loves, and obeys the great Redeemer as though he were still present in the flesh. Hence the apostle Peter could write to believers scattered through Asia Minor, in

regard to their happy connection with Christ, "Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet, believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Such joy in believing is one of its present rewards, verifying the promise, "Them that honor me I will honor." You could do no greater honor to a fellow-being than to credit his testimony upon all matters he should bear witness to, but beyond your personal means of knowing; and the more so if his testimony bordered hard on the marvellous and incredible, and was quite at variance with your own experience, suppositions, or reasonings, and required the yielding of your own opinion and prejudice because of confidence in his veracity and better knowledge. Thus God is honored in them and by them that believe. They go out beyond things visible, or things known to reason, beyond the mere fact of a Saviour after the flesh, once on earth, on tangible proof like that in favor of Socrates or Cæsar, and accept him as a yet living Redeemer. Giving up all conjectures and discussions, faith receives all things written concerning him, not as the word of man, though given in the words of men, but as it is in truth,—the word of God. In so doing, the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. Why, it is hardly possible to conceive of the soul laying hold on the sure promises of God, planting itself on his fidelity, and taking his word as the rule of duty and the way to heaven, without feeling the joyful inspiration of the divine presence, which makes every burden light,

and through good report and evil report, from youth to age, gives strength equal to the day, and abiding peace amid all disturbing sorrows. It is not till the soul begins to falter, and fall back upon things seen, and to doubt the unseen, that it begins to lament,—

“ Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ? ”

Oh the blessedness, the present peace, of them that really, fully believe !

III. Faith secures a blessing in the ways of duty. What is duty ? What is the right, safe, and proper course to pursue in this position, that, or the other ? In some matters, it may not be so obvious as to justify an immediate advance ; but in others a plain, undeniable “ Thus saith the Lord ” requires it, and frequently when things seen, all appearances and reasonings and self-inclinations, are against it. Then we must walk by faith, if at all ; then we need the heroism it alone can inspire. Thus Abraham left his own country and kindred to sojourn in a wilderness. He went only by a divine command : his own predilections and reasonings were naturally against it. Yet, like a blind man led by his best friend, he went out, not knowing whither he went. In the like trustful reliance he went to the mount, prepared to lay his own son upon the altar,—even that son through whom he was to receive the promises. It was hoping against hope. But he did it because he believed in God ; and it was counted to him for righteous-

ness. And, in regard to Isaac, he accounted that God was able to raise him from the dead, just as Daniel and his martyr associates believed that God was able to deliver them from their danger, and they need not, therefore, fear to do right. In the like faith, Moses became the leader of Israel back from Egypt. His own strong reluctance, in the light of things seen, is obvious from his earnest plea to be excused: "O Lord! I am not eloquent; I am slow of speech. Send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send." But God knew better than Moses the kind of man he wanted for the crisis, and for what purpose he had taken him out of the bulrushes. He had, therefore, only to answer his objection of not being eloquent by the brief, significant reminder, "Who hath made man's mouth? have not I, the Lord?" and to give the message to him to bear to the people, saying, "I AM hath sent me unto you." I am what? Why, it is a carte-blanc, which it was meant should be filled up as the occasion required. I am all-wise, almighty, all-just, true, faithful; all-sufficient to help and prosper in the way of duty, whatever may be the difficulty. With this lofty purpose, Moses forsook Egypt with his people, not fearing the wrath of the king; and by faith he did it. He held on his perilous way because he "endured, as seeing Him who is invisible." For his sense and reason could have argued, "Pharaoh is too strong, his chariots too rapid, for us: his host will overcome us; and, if we are brought back, our bondage will be much worse than before." But his

duty was to go ; and he did it. Yet when he comes to the Red Sea, "with floods before, the host behind, and rocks on either hand," what shall he do ? For Pharaoh is on the march, saying, "I will pursue ; I will overtake ; I will divide the spoil." And Moses, with his unarmed, dependent multitude, is to the very margin come : what shall they do now ? Moses said, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord ;" but the command was, "Go forward." Their extremity is God's opportunity ; his time to interfere for the faithful, and to show them his salvation. Forward they go : and see ! they tread through a new-made way, and soon on the opposite shore celebrate their deliverance ; while Pharaoh and his host sink like lead in the midst of the waters.

How plain it is now from the present fearful sectional conflict, in the light of things now seen, but which the nation ought to have believed from Bible-teachings long ago, that God has been on the side of his oppressed people, and has heard the prolonged, bitter cry, "How long, O Lord ? am I not a man and a brother ?" and, after his many warnings and abused patience, has come down in earnest for their more signal deliverance ! By terrible things in righteousness does he answer this long delay of justice, acknowledged at the North, in the many slain of their loved ones, and the bold determination of the South to make the vile system perpetual by a general desolation ; besides showing a prophetic meaning in Jefferson's oft-quoted words, and a severity of fulfilment he little imagined, — "I tremble for my

country when I reflect that God is just." How they have slandered as well as enslaved and degraded the black man, saying that he could not take care of himself, and would not work for wages, but only under the lash, and would inflict violence on his master if given his liberty! In the light of things now seen, we stand corrected; but we ought long since to have believed that it is always safe to do right, and to have entered upon measures which long ere now would have been security against the evil which now fills the land with bereavements and apprehensions.

So, in all duties, walking by faith insures a blessing, which unbelief, through a blind, perverting selfishness, is sure to lose. It sees some lion in the way, some difficulty magnified into an impossibility: as though an almighty hand could not give strength for duties actually required; as though there were no promises, no history of faith's triumphs, no walls of Jericho fallen at the first show of reliance on God, though with the weakest human appliances. See a small, feeble church inclined to wonder and lament, "What can we do, so weak and few, and amid competitions and oppositions so many?" Do? Why, trust in God, and go forward, using well what gifts and means you have. Zion's King can conquer by many or by few. See too, frequently, a large church relying on their numbers, their resources, their ability to command the best talent for their pulpit, and to attract the most select occupants of their pews. They must flourish of course. No, not

of course, except in a worldly, showy, worthless religion; not in true piety, in Christianity of the primitive type. There are still mountains of difficulty to its progress, if not the larger in a wealthy and respectable church, which the most earnest, persistent faith alone can remove. But if they walk only by sight, hoping for success only by appearances and the balance of probabilities according to their own might or means, they languish, they fail. The soul, repenting, and seeking to be reconciled to God, must go to him, fully believing in his free forgiveness, and ability to save to the uttermost, and accept Christ as its merciful and all-sufficient Redeemer. Wishing he could first become holy, a thousand difficulties and objections may arise, which seem necessary first to be removed, to make the way plain and reasonable. But at once should he press his way to Christ — like the woman, content if she could but touch the hem of his garment — with all his sins and fears, assured that, if he tarries till he is better, he may never come at all.

So in all Christian duty. It is the way of faith and the work of faith, beset with many trials both to human reason and to carnal fashion, and frequently the way only of seeming darkness and danger. But God will be the light thereof. He will be thy strength and shield; he will give grace and glory.

IV. This blessing of faith is given also in adversity. Some natures may have the stoical hardness or apathy which can resist the pressure of calamity more easily

than others. Others may be resigned to it under the cold idea of the blind necessity, that what cannot be cured must be endured. But the word of the Lord, which requires us to trust in him at all times, reveals a purer, surer consolation than any maxims of philosophy. It is such peace as the world giveth not. When calamity comes upon us so afflictively, and so much in the dark, that all things seem, as they did to the patriarch, really against us, what but confidence in things not seen — trust in the very hand which smites us — can reconcile us to a patient and cheerful endurance? And how wide the scope, amid the events of life, for exercising this feeling of reliance! How many things occur to us, in the course of a week or month or year, which seem to be not joyous, but afflictive; contrary not only to what we would choose, but also to what we think we can endure; which seem to change the entire bright aspect of life before us into one of distressing gloom, and to render existence hardly worth desiring! And what is then the part of faith? Why, as we are told with several variations in the same paragraph, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he will bring it to pass;" "Trust in the Lord, and do good;" "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him;" "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart;" "Cast thy burden upon the Lord;" "Casting all thy care upon Him, for He careth for you;" "All things work together for good to them that love God." The word of the Lord has anticipated the divers trials of

man in a world of sin, with directions and consolations suited to every peculiarity of sorrowing hearts, and thus becomes indeed the best relief that mourners have.

“It makes our sorrows blest,
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.”

How numerous the sayings of Jesus having this aim, — to comfort troubled hearts, and requiring faith as the simple and sure means of obtaining it! His words are yet spirit and life; for he is not dead, but alive forevermore. He says now to timid souls fearing amid dark providences, as he did to his disciples on the tempest-tossed vessel, “It is I; be not afraid.” He stands now, as he stood by the tomb of Lazarus, to comfort weeping friends.

“He knows what sore temptations mean;
For he has felt the same.”

He knows what bodily agony is; what exceeding deathly sorrow is; what it is to be tried in all points like as we are; and therefore by him and through him consolation aboundeth, filling up the void of the aching heart looking only to him. And who in the wide world has not felt the need of such comfort, little as they may have known where and how to go for it? Who has not lost a friend,—one, two, or more? How many of the patriotic, vigorous youth who went out to peril life in the high places of the field, and many of them from

sanctuaries and Christian homes, will never return, and their sorrowing mother or sister is the more sorrowful in not having the slight privilege of ministering to their dying wants, nor even the poor consolation of knowing where or how they met their fate; where to-day their mangled remains lie buried, if buried at all! Others as dear in the same household have fallen, too, in the great battle of life, sister as well as brother, whose loving affection and bright virtues made their premature departure the more mysterious.

Yet the words of strong abounding consolation spoken of are to the believing mourner an ample solace and support; yea, a well-spring of comfort, a counteracting joy: and could you afflicted ones only penetrate their deep meaning, and bathe your hearts fully in their riches, you would feel so confident, so certain, that God chasteneth whom he loveth, and acts for the best in all his dispensations, — for your best advantage, and for the best of those you mourn, — that you would not alter it if you could; you would find yourself rejoicing while you weep, and wondering indeed why you should weep at all.

If such, then, be the blessedness of those that believe in the rich knowledge imparted, in a happy course of experience, in a help to duty, in a relief to sorrow, in all things, as we have seen, touching the great salvation, who will not pray with the apostles, “Lord, increase our faith:” or with the centurion, “Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief”?

UNCERTAINTIES OF LIFE.

“Man also knoweth not his time : as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them.”—ECCLES. ix. 12.

IN this plain and familiar form of expression, “the Preacher” presents an important truth. Man, controlled by things visible, is prone not only to covet worldly good, but also to pride himself on the acquisition of it, to flatter himself with its long and undisturbed possession, and to multiply facilities to enjoy and perpetuate it. But he has only the hold and hope of uncertainty. His most sagacious schemes may be frustrated, his most confident hopes disappointed. His successes or reverses are secret things which belong unto the Lord ; his days of rejoicing or regret are among the times and seasons which the Father hath put in his own power. The infidel may deny this affecting truth, the sensualist disregard it, and the believer, perhaps, wonder that inspiration should be necessary to teach what is so obvious to human perception ; but the experienced sage of Judæa, who “considered all this in his heart,” deemed it important to “declare all this, that the wise and the righteous and their works are in the hand of God.” Knowledge of

the future belongs to God ; ignorance, to man. Divine Wisdom comprehends all contingencies respecting all beings and all things ; but human knowledge is bounded by the present moment. "Man knoweth not his time."

In this general affirmation may be included all the adversities of life beyond human foresight and control whose occurrence is so liable to disappoint and afflict us. Let us enlarge upon this sentiment, and, adopting the simplicity of the text, consider such illustrations of it as may impress us with serious views of duty, and actuate us to a right performance of it. We may notice,—

I. The VICISSITUDES of life. These are suggested by striking allusions in the context : "I returned, and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither bread for the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill." The sacred writer is not denying the influence of second causes, nor the utility of adapting means to ends, but merely testifying from his wide range of observation to the uncertainty which attends the connection. Though every cause may tend to a definite and certain result, the process is subject to innumerable contingencies, as likely to hinder as to help it. Remedies most relied on may only aggravate the evil they were intended to relieve ; means never before known to fail, may, through a slight variation of circumstances, disappoint the most confident expectations. Reason would presume that "the race would be to the swift ;" yet how easily may that probability be reversed, and the

hopeful competitor be found in the rear! Men take it for granted that "the battle will be to the strong," and graduate accordingly their hopes of victory upon numbers and equipments, upon good generalship and a hardy soldiery; but the history of war shows that frequently more depends upon the position of numbers and the skilful use of equipments, and upon circumstantial advantages not to be anticipated. "Bread also is generally to the wise, and riches also to men of understanding;" but not always. The prudent and far-seeing, the most crafty, or the careful observers of men and things, have often found their best laid plans of accumulation and investment brought to nought; while others of inferior discernment, and less anxiety for earthly good, "prosper in the world, and increase in riches," — all from the mere circumstance of having begun life or business at a particular time or place, or from advantages seemingly so accidental as to be considered *luck*. "Nor is favor to men of skill." Approbation and reward are seldom distributed with ample and impartial justice. True Merit is modest, and would rather lose her own than contend for it amid the clamor of undeserving aspirants. She vaunteth not herself, and is not, therefore, "the lion of the day." She relies for admiration upon charms which the unreflecting and corrupt majority have not the capacity to appreciate. But few of the great and good, whose names their posterity now hold in remembrance as a rich legacy to the world, received from their own generation

better "favor" than neglect and abuse. They lived in advance of their times. The ends they aimed at were for God and truth and their country. Centuries had rolled away before the world could gather wisdom enough to appreciate their real worth. Think of the blind man of Scio and the philosopher of Syracuse; of Sidney and Galileo; of Roger Bacon and Roger Williams; of Milton selling his immortal poem for "five pounds, with a contingency of fifteen, dependent upon the sale of two more impressions;" and of Columbus, after proving with much hardship and peril the truth of his sagacious conjectures respecting a Western continent, deprived of the honor of giving it a name, in order to immortalize a less worthy successor.

The chapter before us furnishes a peculiar case. "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and took it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now, there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man." But this is not a solitary instance, nor most to be wondered at, even in a world abounding in pretensions to honors for the great and good. The wise and patriotic statesman may vainly hope for the applause and distinction which greet the warrior; and the Christian philanthropist, expending his strength to save men's lives and bless generations, amid "labors oft and perils oft," so far from having multitudes to do him reverence, incurs their reproaches, and dies by their

neglect. Compare the monuments of Lord Nelson and Dr. Watts, the godly John Bunyan with his pensioned persecutors, and the influence of their respective labors upon their own or subsequent generations. What a commentary upon the world's estimate of worth has been the great cloud of witnesses for the truth, who have hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus, and, by pouring out their lives unto death, have given origin to the strange adage, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church"!

But instances of more common experience attend all the good or ill that checkers life. How unexpected to many are the benefits and evils which have fallen upon them! How unlike their experience to their expectations! How different their place and station, their business connections and success, their means and hopes of enjoyment! How diverse their realizations of good in all the scenes and relations of life from what they wished, planned, toiled for, and earnestly meant to secure! Should any one attempt to write out the history of his own life, what eventful scenes from his experience and observation would be called to recollection! Through what struggles and vicissitudes has he passed, both in heedless boyhood and in the cautious years of mature life! What unlooked-for and improbable changes have we all witnessed in the condition of men, — their rise to eminence in wealth, character, and usefulness, or their fall to obscurity, penury, and degradation!

II. The TEMPTATIONS of life. The allusion in the text is apposite and forcible. As the finny tribes, ranging through their native domain in quest of their own pleasure and subsistence, glide into the fatal toils of the fisherman, and the feathered creation, which wing and warble in a freer element, are caught in the snare of the fowler ; so man becomes a prey to the sport or malignity of others more subtle than himself. He knoweth not the time when that temptation shall come upon his sinful flesh which shall hurry him to an untimely and violent death, or start him forward in a career of iniquity to change the complexion of his whole character and destiny. "What manner of child shall this be?" is a question the fond parent never pondered with too great solicitude in reference to its moral culture and eternal well-being. We supply to youth numerous facilities for education, on the principle "for the soul to be without knowledge is not good;" and urge them to diligent and vigorous application. But all reading and study is not improvement. Books "designed for the young" may contain, mixed with the true and beautiful, principles fitted to pervert all sense of obligation, and to poison the very fountain of moral feeling. The "mighty engine of the press" has been to many youthful hearts an engine of moral death; and, were it not capable of being employed as effectually for better purposes, it might well be regarded as the worst enemy of righteousness, entitled only to the execrations of all good men. To a fearful extent, its pernicious in-

fluences are in actual operation; and, under the name of "literature" and "intelligence," the inquisitiveness of youth is often gratified in a manner calculated to ensnare and destroy, as really as would manacles intended for their limbs.

There was occasion in Solomon's day for the admonition, "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction which causeth to err;" and the occasion has not passed away with time. The spirit of truth and the spirit of error are yet striving for pre-eminence. The sanctuary and the theatre both offer mental entertainment. Preaching, and lectures on all subjects, and in every novel shape that ingenuity can devise to collect hearers, are so many sources of knowledge for good or for evil. To unsuspecting, heedless youth, they are all alike "interesting," provided they please. The gilded butterfly is eagerly pursued, though it dance along the precipice. Sweetmeats for the mental as well as bodily appetite are preferred to healthy nutriment. As far as the adage be true, that "men are but children of a larger growth," they are liable to the same mistakes, and to an actual inability to distinguish between the precious and the vile; and are as easily captivated by pleasing sights and pretty sounds, whatever moral impressions and consequences may result. They can be induced to seek for Wisdom as silver in her hidden recesses, only by the same incessant application of motives, enforced by the best counsels of the wise and the tongue of the eloquent. More than all, they "love darkness rather than light," but are slow

to believe it. Though quick to get the news of the day, and information about stocks, and plans of accumulation, they have no heart for the knowledge which brings salvation to their hearts from the law of sin already in their members, in distinction from the numberless errors which Antichrist has sent into the world. On themes divine their ears are dull of hearing, though argument be enforced with the entreaty of angelic pathos. Here are dangers, thick, but unseen and unbelieved; and multitudes are snared in an evil time. The best impressions of the household and the Sunday school cannot be ever proof against this incessant contact of heresy and libertinism and buffoonery. What multitudes, in this land of freedom and privilege, habitually avoid God's sanctuary, are ignorant of God's truth, revile his ministers and institutions, and are tenfold more children of perdition than if they had been cradled by heathen mothers! How many are already estranged from every form of godliness, and have so long and so far followed wicked devices, that their recovery can be hoped for only by interposition next to miraculous!

The place of business and of pastime, no less than of intellectual pursuits, is fraught with its own peculiar dangers. Our Lord cautioned his disciples, least of all seemingly in danger, "to take heed, and beware of covetousness;" and the apostle left the same admonition for all men alike exposed to peril. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in perdition and de-

struction." Many, nevertheless, have, with Bible in hand, and against repeated cautions to avoid this snare, in an evil time fallen into it. They believed that "honesty was both the best policy and the best religion;" but they remembered those ominous words, appealing at once to their humanity and piety, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Their observance of this parental and Christian duty required the use of means, and that needful article "which answereth all things." They meant to make money and be honest, and withal liberal. They at least wished to deal justly, and to walk uprightly; but, involved in an unforeseen exigency, they could hardly recover from it by an honest and open-hearted remedy. In order to avoid bankruptcy or beggary, they dared to venture slightly from the path of the just, hoping that what common custom tolerated, and Christian discipline did not actually condemn, might at least be lawful. "A deceived heart turned them aside;" one wrong step made greater the necessity for the second; consistency required the third; the power of habit and various facilities for progress made sure a continuous course. Thus "among God's people have been found wicked men," because they foresaw not with what insidious power the Adversary would approach, and gain mastery over hearts not prepared to resist him in every form and at all hazards. How many, who for years pursued a good calling with stainless integrity, have, by one single act

of imprudence, blotted a whole life of well-doing! What painful reverses have appeared in the history of men who could once plead for the dumb, and, like their divine Master, "open the prison doors to them that are bound," but, by the mere circumstance of changing latitudes or conditions, have been themselves snared by the oppressor, and have become his most eloquent apologists and defenders!

Recreations and domestic joys have their unseen evils. Here the triumph of the captor is often effected without a conflict, because he comes not in the name of an enemy, with weapons of death in his hand nor malice in his eye, but under popular cognomens, with promises of advantage and plausible pretexts, Judas-like, with the salutation of friendship on his lips. What is a more innocent indulgence of social feeling than the commemoration of old friendships around the festive board after long absence and numerous vicissitudes? But, alas!

"The pleasures which allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls."

On such occasions, the improvident youth has touched and tasted for the first time that which made for him a drunkard's home and a drunkard's grave! It was but a drop which passed his lips, and he resolved to allow it but once. But he was "deceived thereby:" he resolved upon a resolution already broken. He began a habit which became "a second nature," in suffering whose chains to be laid upon him, he was shorn of his youthful strength, and his doom was fixed.

No man ever became desperately wicked in a day, or could have been made so by any appliances of the Tempter. Vice has its infancy and its tender age. There was a time when the most sinful abusers of themselves and mankind were untainted with actual sin; when the profane swearer, who now "setteth his mouth against the heavens," could not listen to an oath without a shudder; when the thief, the defrauder, and the repudiator, now thriving by injustice, would have scorned the slightest tricks of dishonesty; when the gambler, now wedded to his vile trade, and loathing the walks of industry and the society of the upright, was as free of guile in the cradle as his smiles betokened; when the most notorious offenders against the peace of society and the rights of man would have heard with as much horror as Hazael a prediction of the moral changes they have actually undergone. They suspected not their danger; they knew not that the fatal hour was at the beginning, and the danger in its littleness, which, by a natural process, would proceed with gradual accessions unto the end. They foresaw not with what unerring skill the cunning foe would lead on from moderation to excess, and from excess to actual undoing.

The wise counsellor on whose words we expatiate has presented this seductive influence of the Tempter with graphic power in his choice Proverbs. We need no longer wonder with what infatuation the pure-minded young man let go so easily his "father's commandment" and "the law of his mother," and all the admoni-

tions of the virtuous to beware of the "strange woman, as one who will hunt for precious life," when told that "with much fair speech she caused him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her straightway" — but with what ignorance of his danger, how conscious of his security, yet how blind to the fatal result her enchantments intend! — "as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life. For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." Alas! how many "among the youths" have proved "void of understanding," and, from a delicacy of moral feeling which would hardly brook doubtful improprieties or unchaste allusions, have passed on to the extreme of the libertine, "whose eyes are full of adultery, and cannot cease from sin"! And what multitudes, too, of "strange women" first became so through the fiendish purposes of stranger men, who sought them in their innocent bower, imposed on their credulity, and rewarded their unsuspecting devotion with treacherous villany, making them fugitives forever from virtuous homes, and outcasts from even Christian sympathy!

It was the snare of an evil time by which sin and woe entered the world. "The serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety." He did not invade the sanctuary of the innocent with an open denial of law, nor urge them to

transgress in defiance of its penalty, but more craftily with a seeming inquiry for truth. “Yea, *hath* God said?” Are you sure that you are under prohibition, and that privation from the tree which is in the midst of the garden is necessary, and will be actual loss instead of great gain? Through the promises of the deceiver, “she saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise; and she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and also gave unto her husband with her, and he did eat.” And their eyes were opened sure enough, but in a sense how different from their anticipations!

The Arch-adversary who figured then in the animal form has lost none of his adroitness, and power of success, by the assumption of any other, notwithstanding his destructive policy marked in the history of subsequent centuries, and the admonitions of the Holy Ghost to beware of his “devices.” He yet beguiles unstable souls, by fair words and good speeches deceives the simple, and works in the children of disobedience. He goeth about seeking whom he may devour, arrested by no temple-gates, or bars of steel. The house of prayer, so far from being a house of refuge from his power, is oftener, except to those who “take heed how they hear,” the scene of his more successful triumphs. He blinds the eyes of them that believe not; he taketh away the word sown in the heart. Nor is this the most fearful experiment of his skill. He becomes the friend and apostle of religion; prescribes, for the devout worshippers, lords many

and gods many, with abominable idolatries. He sitteth in the temple of God, and ministers at Christian altars with the credentials of a legate from the skies. He consecrates the banners of Christian war; breaks bread of Christian fellowship with unfruitful works of darkness; administers holy baptism to lovers of pleasure, fashion, and sin; and by heathen shasters and traditions, Christian heresy and fanaticism, the mistakes and follies of good men, leads the multitude captive at his will. And no marvel at all this; for he is transformed into an angel of light. And who will suspect malicious purposes in the guise of love divine? who imagine that words of Holy Writ can be made to express other than benevolent ideas, or doubt at least an opinion or indulgence to be lawful and right if the Bible says nothing against it? He is advertised as the Father of Lies, as Apollyon and Satan, and by other *aliases*, as if his influence should not be mistaken; and yet he inspires the deceived with the strange infatuation that he has no existence except as an "Eastern figure" or as a figment of fanaticism. His name is Legion; and his influence is so complete over human hearts, as to be denominated, upon inspired authority, "the God of this world." In every form of pleasure, and at every call of duty, his ingenuity is ever active in confounding the good and lawful with the wrong and ruinous.

" Sin spreads a thousand snares around;
 It lurks in all our joys :
 Men tread on that enchanted ground,
 Where death, unseen, destroys."

III. The loss of life is a still more affecting instance of its uncertainties. Amid the saddest vicissitudes and most fearful dangers, man is not left without hope. Misfortune may stimulate him to the more vigorous endeavor, temptation and danger only inspire him with renewed caution, and the vilest transgressor may be induced to reform; but death closes at once and forever the scene. No man hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, nor can he by any means redeem his brother. This thought appears in the context with affecting force: "To him that is joined to the living, there is hope." However unfortunate, he need not despair; or blameworthy, he may not count redemption impossible. "The living know that they shall die; but the dead know not any thing." They know it not true of themselves that they shall die; for they have already passed that solemn bourn. "Also their love and their hatred and their envy are now perished; neither have they any more a portion of all that is done under the sun." Whatever portion they may have elsewhere, it is no longer connected with what is done under the sun. Whether they loved or hated, received in their lifetime their good or evil things, they are cut off forever from communications in which they once mingled with pleasure or disgust. They are no more controlled by flesh and sense, no more affected with alternations of hope and fear, but remain either "holy or filthy still."

The bare fact of an exit from the present life is no matter of uncertainty. The history of generations is

joined to the testimony of Scripture in proof that the living shall die. This one event happeneth to all,—to the righteous and to the wicked; to the good and the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not; to him that sweareth, and to him that feareth an oath. Whatever unbelief pervades the hearts of men respecting other truths of the divine word, none can exist in regard to that which is accompanied by the testimony of ages. It was only from their practical inconsistency that the poet concluded,

“All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

Nor is there uncertainty concerning a future existence; nor any occasion for the “dread of falling into nought;” or for the question, “To be, or not to be.”

But the particular time and mode of dissolution, and various circumstances deeply affecting both the present and the future, are veiled in impenetrable obscurity. Man knoweth not his time. He cannot pry into the “book of fate” beyond “the page prescribed,” nor make any probable conjecture of the moment when his change shall come.

Time is measured out to him in its minutest portions, without the least assurance that the present will not be the last. This ignorance of the future renders death, under all circumstances, an unexpected event. Man is ever anxious for the morrow, presumes upon it, schemes for it. He hopes, believes, knows, he shall see and rejoice in it, because Death has not yet come, nor given any signs of his approach which medical skill may not remove.

“ With noiseless tread death comes on man ;
 No plea, no prayer, delivers him :
 From midst of life’s unfinished plan,
 With sudden hand, it severs him ;
 And, ready or not ready, no delay ;
 Forth to his Judge’s bar he must away.”

Even the aged and infirm are called to leave their frail tabernacles a little sooner than they anticipated. They had counted on a few days or hours longer ; while the multitude of the young and the gay, the healthy and the active, are taken when least anticipated. Their inward thought is that they shall die in their beds, quieted by the alleviations of sympathy and care, with ample opportunity to complete all unfinished preparations. But how different the reality ! Of the countless millions now mingled with the dust, how large the proportion who fell unprepared and unwarned ! What multitudes on every spot of the earth’s surface have been swept off by war, pestilence, famine, disaster, violence, quick disease, or other causes, which allowed not the quiet and comfort of the death-chamber ! What affecting instances of sudden death have appeared in those wide desolations which have swept entire generations of men, all in bustle and activity, into one common grave ! The Deluge was anticipated by those only who would believe the “ preacher of righteousness,” and these belonged to the preacher’s own family. Nothing in the sun-lit heavens portended change ; nor was there any other evidence which the unbelieving generation would appreciate. All but “ eight

souls " continued in "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and swept them all away." How suddenly came destruction upon the cities of the plain! "The sun was risen upon the earth the day that Lot entered into Zoar." All was fair, and full of hope, as ever, and indicated to no human eye the coming ruin. Even "just Lot" was so loath to believe, that he "lingered," and would have been consumed with the city, but for the special interposition of Heaven. But the moment of terror arrived when "the Lord rained destruction from heaven: he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and all which grew upon the ground. And Abraham looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and towards all the land of the plain; and, lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." All history is fraught with such teachings of God's sovereignty, and of man's ignorance of his time. Where is "Babylon, that great city, the lady of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency? How is Sheshach taken! and how is the praise of the whole earth surprised! how is Babylon become an astonishment among the nations!" — all fulfilling the purpose of the Only Wise, when he saith, "Evil shall come upon thee; thou shalt not know whence it riseth: and mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off: and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know." Where is Jerusalem, notwithstanding her magnificence, glory, and sacred asso-

ciations, when the moment arrives to verify the words of the divine prophet, who wept over her wickedness, with desolations so sudden, that only one from the bed and the mill and the field, of her dense population, could have time for their escape? Whether such events be considered providential, or mere matters of nature and accident, they are none the less destructive to the hopes and plans of men counting on their threescore years and ten. Nor can one generation gather wisdom enough from analogy or experience to foresee how such contingencies are adjusted, and to provide security against them. God, who ruleth over all, is terrible in majesty, and is confined neither to the measures nor the times which mortal man can know. Now he breaks the seals of pestilence, and a continent wails over the desolation; now with the avalanche and the earthquake, and with volcanic fires, he buries cities in their own ruins, or with flood and flame, and the fiercer elements of warlike passion, he sweeps off their busy throngs from places and scenes which will know them no more forever. "Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out. He is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice: he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heavens, to make weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure."

But forcible illustrations of this truth we need not have sought for in events of distant occurrence. The intelligence has just reached us, and filled our hearts with sorrow, respecting a calamity almost in our own

vicinity, added to many others of similar character, in its unlooked-for and heart-rending consequences. How impotent, alas! the ingenuity and skill of man to triumph over the elements on which he so often sports with safety, when He who "gathers the wind in his fist" arms it as a messenger of death! The far-famed "Atlantic," the pride and boast among all to "walk the waters like a thing of life," is become a word significant of dismay, death, bereavement, anguish. That so large a proportion of the passengers should perish, not upon the wide sea, but in sight of safe habitations; perish in waters over which hundreds had daily passed with safety; perish, not by their imprudence, but in spite of safeguards, and struggles for existence, — not in pursuit of criminal ends, but on errands of duty and of affection; perish away from home and friendships, and plans of life, — gives only the more humiliating proof of human uncertainties. It is related of one of the unfortunate victims of that fatal hour, that "upon his return from an important service, after an absence of nearly two years, he notified his family a week since that he should be with them on Thanksgiving Day. From that day, his friends expected his arrival every moment. But disappointment awaited them. While the wife looked for her husband, the mother for her son, the sister for her brother, and the children for their father, the awful intelligence came that he was *lost*, — lost after months of peril upon the stormy ocean, almost within sight of those who had for weeks anticipated the hour when they could

rush to his arms, and receive his embrace. The melancholy news of his loss was communicated to the family on Saturday evening. When the door of his residence was opened for his reception, one of his little boys ran through the hall, crying aloud with joy, 'Papa has come, papa has come!'" But no: "papa" did not come, only to rend their hearts with anguish. Evil had fallen suddenly upon him. In every other case, the bright hopes both of deceased and survivor were in the same brief hour brought to nought. Lover and friend were put in darkness; the warrior there met a conqueror stronger than he; the medical practitioner became, with many around him, the helpless victim of death; and the man of God, comforting the hearts of the anguished with promises to the believing, though least of all to be spared from the Church of God and the claims of perishing heathen, is called from his labors of love by the same mysterious Providence. Imagination may vainly attempt to conceive the terror and suffering of the scene, or its afflictive consequences; but none need misunderstand how easily the hopes of man may all be brought to desolation in a moment. Within the space of minutes, the living forms crowding the deck in hope of rescue are entombed in the waters; and nought is heard from the wreck and confusion, which just before witnessed wailings and supplication and shrieks of anguish, save the mournful requiem of the tolling bell yet above the wide waste, as wave succeeding wave washed over the ruins. Verily "man knoweth not his time."

What, fellow-mortal, will you oppose to these uncertainties attending all human conditions, and yours no less than others? You cannot change or abolish the constitution of things. Your only hope of blessing from it lies in a preparation to meet it.

1. Are you liable to temporal evils? Then your course is plain. Use the world, and not abuse it. Be diligent "in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Make the most of opportunities, and enjoy life and the fruit of your labor with thankfulness for what a beneficent Providence has dealt out to you,—if not equal to your wishes, much beyond your deserts. Be content with your condition, though it be not what you anticipated. Providence has evidently allotted it for your best good and his glory. All afflictions are not calamitous: many are only blessings in an unusual form. Added to these, you have had many more of a positive character, which you could hardly understand except as tokens of kindness and long-suffering and distinguishing grace. How have you improved them, how requited them? You have been a pensioner upon divine bounty, a steward of the Lord's goods; but how have you cared for the Lord's poor, whom he has made your neighbor to bind you together by the mutual tie of generosity and gratitude?

2. Are you ever amidst spiritual perils? You may, if you will, rely upon an unfailing safeguard. Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Be holy at heart, and walk uprightly. Oppose sin both in principle and in deed, and in all its Protean forms. Avoid the appear-

ance of evil. Enter the path of well-doing, and let your eyes look straight before you. "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Though others vacillate, let your purpose be taken. Whatever the multitude may choose, be you decided for God and his truth. Remember that sin, under whatever peculiar temptation, is yet a voluntary act, and misfortune alone an event of necessity. Your strong tendencies to the evil, and stronger temptations to it, are offset by peculiar incentives to the good, by an unerring rule, precious promises, and omnipotent grace, all especially intended and sufficient for your salvation. "God hath not appointed you to wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." "Take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

Besides your temptations to do evil, you have many incentives to holiness, and opportunities of doing good. But what have you done to perfect your own heart in holiness, and in preparation for the future life? What have you done to save others? what to scatter the news of salvation round the globe, or to convert the guiltier offenders against law and grace in your own country and community? What good impressions have you labored to produce on your own neighbors and kinsmen by a life of prayer, uprightness, and earnest devotion to the great cause of godliness? What facts can you refer to as fruits of your anxiety and toil? You have covenant-

ed to do, have repeatedly intended to do; but what have you done? In what but the name and profession of Christian are you distinguished from the many who are called infidels and worldlings? Where is the proof, except in your words, that you are more fearful of temptation, or more careful to depart from iniquity, more earnest in striving to enter into life, and working out your salvation? where the reason for your hope, that, having the promise of entering into rest, you will not as certainly come short of it?

3. Is the time of your remaining probation unknown to you? How fearful, then, the responsibility you assume in deferring till to-morrow the appropriate obligations of to-day, in assigning to a certain and important duty an uncertain period of time! Where is to-morrow? Another year has begun; but who of us will live to see its termination? "Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till his death; and suppose there is for his use a reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He knows, suppose, that the quantity is not very great: he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much; but it may be very little. He has drawn from it, by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day; but how would he feel each time of drawing, or each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to; not, 'I have a reservoir; I may be at ease.' No: 'But I had water yesterday; I have water to-day: but my having had it, and my having it to-day, is the

very cause why I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And, at the same time, I am compelled to this fatal expenditure.' So life is an expenditure: we have it, but are continually losing it; we possess it no other way than as necessarily consuming it; and, even in this imperfect sense, it becomes every day less a possession." *

What, then, is duty, what is wisdom, since Death stands ever at the door, ready at the appointed time to execute his commission? "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And one greater than Solomon, who is the Christian's acknowledged Pattern, declared it his own rule of obligation, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day." And what saith the Holy Ghost? "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart."

Will ye heed that voice? It has spoken kindly, patiently, but solemnly. The Bible is full of admonitions for the wise improvement of to-day, because of the uncertainty of to-morrow. But they have become like a tale that is told. They are repeated to you in the daily instances of mortality, in which your neighbors are removed one by one so unexpectedly from the places and scenes of earth, to have no more a portion under the sun. But the monotony has lulled you to repose. Let, then, the painful tidings of a multitude who have just passed together the great gulf between the living and

* John Foster.

the dead effectually enforce the admonition, "Be ye also ready." The late bereavements have touched your hearts with sympathy for the afflicted and disconsolate; but let them make you also serious, and concerned for yourselves. Let that voice, heard from their deep death-gurgles, awaken you to consider your own readiness to change worlds under like unexpected circumstances. After so long a time, and after frequent repetition, will ye hear that voice, "Boast not of to-morrow"? Of all preparations, let that for the life which is to come be least neglected. If the Bible be not a fiction, religion a delusion, and death an eternal sleep, substitute no more convenient season for duties, which God in his grace only has allowed to-day, lest you mourn at last, "How have I hated instruction, and despised reproof!"

PARENTAL SOLICITUDE.

"Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me."—JOB xix. 21.

HERE is the language of grief; of a heart deeply afflicted, and so troubled and distressed by it as to force itself on the sympathy of friends. These words, many, if not all of us, have at different times felt to be a fitting expression of our own feelings. There are a few of us to-day who can appropriate them to ourselves in their full force. Well knowing that we are among friends, true friends, we ask for ourselves only what we try to exercise towards you, — that Christian sympathy which comforts in affliction. May I not then, as an individual, considering my official relation to you, say with some propriety this morning, after the solemnities of the past week, "Have pity upon me, my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me"? Not that I wish to parade before you my personal griefs, nor to ask of you any more sympathy than I would claim of you for one another. But I speak now, as at other times, mainly for your own edification; and on the present occasion I can do it better by giving some utterances of my heart, as now

saddened and mellowed by bereavement, than by any ordinary theme. The sympathy you have already manifested so generously in the funeral rites and preparations which bore my first-born to his quiet resting-place has been very gratifying to his sorrowing relatives ; and I need not say how very acceptable it was, and how full of comfort : and the kind of pity or sympathy I now ask, all that I can ask, all that is proper to ask, is that springing from your faith, and venting itself in your prayers, that this bereavement may be so truly sanctified to me and to yourselves, that the greatest spiritual good may result from it.

You who are parents, and have lost children, who, having safely passed through the many diseases of childhood, had begun to emerge into the self-relying condition of adult life, — they not abating your anxieties, but binding you to them in new cords of affection at a period when they had learned to appreciate your early parental solicitude, and to enter into the same good and worthy objects which occupy your own thoughts, — you, I say, can understand the meaning of the request, “Have pity upon me, my friends.” But how can others do it, except in a limited degree ? Before this affliction, I have been able to sympathize with such as have lost wedded companions, and with such as have lost young children ; but not until now could I sympathize with such as have lost children who had passed the perils of childhood, bodily and spiritual, and had begun to repay parental anxieties and self-denial by a more generous and intelligent

filial love. Oh! who can know but by experience, and who even then can tell to others that have it not, the deep solicitude which God, for the best of purposes, has planted in the parental breast? Oh that it could always be preserved inviolate from the deadening and perverting influence of sin, and always become the sanctifying power it was intended, causing true piety, with all its manly virtues and happy influences, to descend, like an heir-loom, from sire to son!

This young man whose remains you have recently looked upon for the last time was a son whom I had cared for, I had almost said, as I could care for no other. Not so much in regard to his safety, do I mean, against bodily dangers, as in respect to whatever would insure him vigorous health, but more particularly against the perils of character and conduct. As a teacher of others, touching parental responsibilities for the moral and religious welfare of children, I have always felt more deeply on the subject than I probably could have felt in a different calling. It seemed to me a poor argument for others to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, if I was indifferent to my own. Whatever might be my honest and zealous endeavor, yet, if my children were not seen at least within the bounds of moral propriety, I knew it must inevitably operate against my influence in enforcing this important, I might say most important of all practical duties. For what obvious meaning is there in the apostle's inquiry, "If a man rule not his own house well, how can he the Church

of God?" How could I point to others the way, and urge them with much sincerity or effect to train up their children to good courses, if I did not earnestly endeavor to do the same? Knowing, too, the influence for better or for worse which the first son or daughter has on those younger, — frequently more effective than that even of parents, — I was the more anxious in the case of this boy in particular. From the very first dawn of reason and thought in his mind, his memory was stored with words of truth. His feet were early directed to the sabbath school and the sanctuary, and were never allowed while at home to depart from either. In the city of Worcester, proverbial for its social excitements, and for its evil as well as good popular gatherings, this boy was never allowed to be absent from home, in the evening or on the sabbath, by way of recreation; and was never, probably, in a single instance, inside of a theatre, or other place of even doubtful amusement, although allowed and encouraged to gratify youthful curiosity on occasions where the entertainment would be of a better character. Never, even when well advanced in his teens, was he allowed the choice, if he ever had any, to wander away from the family pew, or to neglect the family devotions. Nor was he much inclined to do either; and yet he had peculiarities of character which seemed to justify more counsel and restraint than in ordinary cases. Strongly inclined to have his own way and will, he seemed to require the checks and cautions which many others did not: and, being well aware of this, it was

among the anxieties which I felt on every sabbath, as well as in the household, to have his mind and heart influenced by the truth ; without which, mere authority, however judicious, and however effective in childhood, will be of little worth in growing youth. Never shall I forget the dream I had when he was about fourteen years of age, and never had a dream such a good practical influence on my conduct in this particular. I thought he had arrived at manhood without the least proof of being a Christian. "There," said I: "the thing I feared is come to pass. This minister's son, after all the good influences which were, or ought to have been, about him, is no believer." This reflection was so distressing, that it awoke me; and with what joy I found it was only a dream, and that my son was still but a boy! That dream quickened me to parental fidelity in that particular as no sermon or reflection of waking hours ever did.

But few of you understand the difficulties which a minister finds in his way in the religious culture of his household. If other parents labor under this or the other disadvantage in this particular, so does the minister. Two things are peculiar in his case, that hinder rather than help him in caring for the Christian nurture of his household. One is, that his children are frequently honored with such attentions — all, too, from the best of motives — as tend to inflate their self-esteem, and make them feel that they are somehow a little better by nature than others of the same circle. The very respect which a people feel for a pastor will lead them

to show, in some way, their best wishes for his children ; and the evidence of this from numerous friends will insensibly awaken in the young mind impressions respecting its own goodness, and thus contradict the teachings of parental lips, given with the belief that no children need instruction and prayer more than those of ministers.

Another obstacle is in an opposite direction. A minister's son, by those who think less of his office and work, or of the religion which he preaches, is very liable to be reproached as such ; and the tendency is, in the young mind, to live so far away from religion, from any thing serious, as to get rid of reproach for much serious thought of it. The son of a missionary, and one of the best that ever died on heathen ground, said to me about ten years ago, when I was his pastor, and he was in a course of study, " People think I am going to be a minister or a missionary because my father was, and they talk to me as such ; and I am tired of it." That young man went to Illinois intending to practise law, and he tried to throw off all serious thought. But the Lord took him in hand, as if for his father's sake. During a season of the cholera, he was brought near death's door ; at one time, supposed to be dying. But he recovered, and returned to the East, willing to hear what the Lord would speak to him, and glad to confess the faith in which his father died. That son is now a very popular and useful pastor of a Baptist church in a city of the State of New York.

But how many a minister's son has heard from pro-

fane lips odium cast on his father's name, which has made him wish that he belonged to almost any other family ! and how much inclined is he to suppose himself under a stricter law of discipline than he would be under in any other family ; or, at least, that the public expect more of him !

These obstacles to the parental influence of a minister may help to explain the fact, as far as it is a fact, that a minister's children are not what, from the relation, the public has a right to expect. He has trials and anxieties in this particular which others can hardly enter into. He must keep the reins on his offspring, not so strictly as to fret and annoy them, and yet so judiciously, and so well tempered with the influences of kindness, that they shall walk in the truth.

Such remarks may indicate the kind of parental solicitude I have felt for the boy whom I now mourn, every day nearly since his infancy. Nor will you wonder that I desired him to be not only moral, but pious, — a Christian. For if I wished others to become so, and felt any sincerity in my preparations and prayers to render them so, why should I not feel as much concern for him ? I did ; and for a long time I marvelled why, when his young associates in Worcester seemed to be easily impressed, and nearly all of them came to embrace the truth, he alone, almost, should be slow to believe ; and conscious that I had tried to do my full duty in moral training, and also to give him no occasion in my conduct to doubt my sincerity, I was quite strongly inclined

to complain of the divine faithfulness, that he was not numbered among inquirers for the truth before he came to this place. And here what fears troubled me, that, though outwardly circumspect in regard to the sabbath and other proprieties, he might not see his need of Christ, and his word and his church, in his passage from this world to the next! "Why," it frequently occurred to me, "if he who regards me with filial love does not come to the Saviour whom I preach, how can I expect others to do it?" Yes: and, amid various hopes and fears, it was not till the day we met at the water-side, and I there declared to you that I had no greater joy than to know that my children walked in the truth, that I began to feel my mind relieved, in some degree, of past anxieties; unless it were on a previous evening, when he so frankly confessed his neglect of so many good counsels, and his great need of the divine forgiveness. Among those who that day thronged this communion-board for the first time, I could, of course, feel towards him as to no other; that is, the special anxiety that he might bring forth the fruit of that faith whose seed had been diligently sown in his heart. How his character at all times corresponded with his profession, it is not for me to say. There is no reason for saying it if I knew; as I have no wish whatever to magnify any thing good in him more than in others. I have, however, been gratified with various proofs of his Christian integrity, and with different testimonials from the companions he has had in New York in regard to his general uprightness of character.

A friend of mine in Philadelphia, writing of him, says, after a few words of consolation, and referring to the time of his conversion, "He had done some good, as I know, among the people with whom he made his home a couple of winters ago." Whatever may have been his deficiencies, none have ever come to my knowledge to lead me to doubt what he still confessed on one of his visits here,—a belief of the truth, and hope in Jesus. He was taught from earliest youth to be moral: and I do not know, that, even before his conversion, he ever took the first step in the way of intemperance; that he ever once used religious names profanely, or violated any great commandment touching moral habits. Nor can I remember the instance, when corrected or reproved by his parents for his faults, that he gave vent to any disrespectful words. These particulars might be said of many others, and are therefore not meant for eulogy, but to express the pleasant memories which now refresh and comfort those whom his death has sorely bereaved, and to indicate the sorrow which you may well suppose would fill our hearts.

I feel that I have cause for gratitude that grace did as much for him as it did, in view of the difficulties under which the culture was carried forward: and my highest ambition for him would have been reached, had he continued among the living, to hear of him as a growing, consistent, active Christian; a useful layman in the Church; as well as an honest and good citizen, whether it might be in city or country, in any calling, condition, or circumstance, no matter what or where.

But now that he is gone,— forever gone,— like others whom we once knew and loved on earth, allow me to request that kind of pity or sympathy from this event which shall have an abiding, salutary influence on all hearts. For one, dear friends, I feel that that life only is long which answers life's great end, and that that great end is what I have tried, above all things, to have that young man keep in view ; assuring him that nothing earthly, no riches, no honors, and no employments of the world, were worth half the anxiety to attain as were things heavenly. And this great truth is what I now wish to feel myself, and to have you feel. If this event be truly sanctified to me, I shall think more of heaven than I have done. God has twice afflicted me. In the same year, two of my nearest relatives, my father and my son, have gone home. If it be sanctified to me, the life to come will seem to be more a reality than it has been ; and hence all the duties and interests pertaining to it will be more worthy of the faith and zeal and patient endeavor which the Bible claims for them.

It is not our family alone, or the two or three to which the deceased was related, or various acquaintances, that are diminished in number by one name : this church also is diminished by the removal of one of its members. Another of your number is removed, and one whom you supposed would outlive many of the aged and middle-aged.

It would greatly alleviate my sorrow as a father if my desire as a pastor could now be realized in seeing that

deeper concern in all hearts for the one thing needful, which all minds, in view of this event, and of so many like it, admit is really worthy of it. What, my hearers, is the object I have in view in being here to-day, or any day, what my business, what the design of my relation to you and acquaintance with you, but to press these very claims of the Bible on your hearts, that you may — all may — choose the good part which shall not be taken away? Nothing now, I assure you, makes this dispensation tolerable to me, nothing so tends to give me resignation, as the hope and confidence I have that the departed accepted Christ as his Lord and Redeemer in sincerity and truth as well as in name. Unless I could change my faith, and reverse all my ideas of Christian duty and the Christian's hope, I could not feel resigned to his early death without this consolation: I could only submit.

But, my friends, the most earnest desire of my heart for you all is, that you may choose this better part. How shall I be able to look upon your cold remains, and follow you to the tomb with resignation, if any of you to whom I have preached the gospel in sincerity, whatever have been my imperfections, — you who have ever shown such respect and attention to me and mine, and in this last, trying hour, such evident, deep sympathy, — unless I can feel that you have believed the Bible, and have really laid hold on its hope of glory? What is that life really worth to you or me which does not connect us with eternal life? That young man has gone

but a little time before us all, and before some of us but a very little time. Had he lived to the age of three-score years and ten, it would have been of no real benefit, unless he had lived more and more unto God. Perhaps he might have fallen, as some have, by the fiery trials in the world, and God in mercy saved him by this, as it seems to us, premature end. But shall we who are yet spared, and may be for years to come, so live by growing faith in God as to render continued life a blessing to ourselves and others? It is with such a view of the case that I now plead with you all, "Be ye reconciled to God;" and, first of all, "seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." This plea I have often made over the graves of others; but now I can do it with an intensity of feeling I have never had, and may never have again. If now any will not heed this call, will they ever?

To you, young friends, this voice from an early tomb speaks with special meaning; assuring you again that the young and hopeful of life may die, die suddenly, and to them quite unexpectedly. All appearances in his case for recovery were hopeful. The first day after I saw him, there were no signs of immediate danger. His physician and others expected no other result than a speedy convalescence; so much so, that I ventured to be absent from him on the sabbath, which was the following day. On that sabbath all appearances favored still more, until one o'clock, P.M., when a change strangely occurred, under which he sank, and died at ten o'clock; giving only

time to breathe one brief, fervent prayer for the Lord to receive his spirit. Thus he who was the first to go with many of you into the water is the first called to depart this life. That interesting circle, which, on that lovely sabbath in May, gathered about this table to receive the hand of fellowship, and to pledge fidelity to Christ over the consecrated emblems of his dying love, — that circle is now broken. Does it not speak to you with peculiar solemnity, saying, “Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh”? I said to that young man when he left home after his baptism, when charging him to be an exemplary and useful Christian, and assuring him how much good he might do in the world, “Remember, above all, you may die early.” How well I remember those words! and how prophetic they were! But now, my young brethren, will ye be so admonished? I know that the hand of the Lord may touch you severely, should he remove your parents, or your brother or sister; and you will feel, as now you cannot, the need of pity and sympathy. But it has now touched me so deeply, that I can admonish you as I could never before. Oh! will you, then, from this blessed hour of this holy day, — rather from this hour of affliction, — rededicate yourselves to your Master and Lord? When will you, if not now? How favorable all your circumstances of health and domestic comfort! How glad you should be for good homes, and for the fact that you still live in them! How often I have wished that my son could have found employment in this town or vicini-

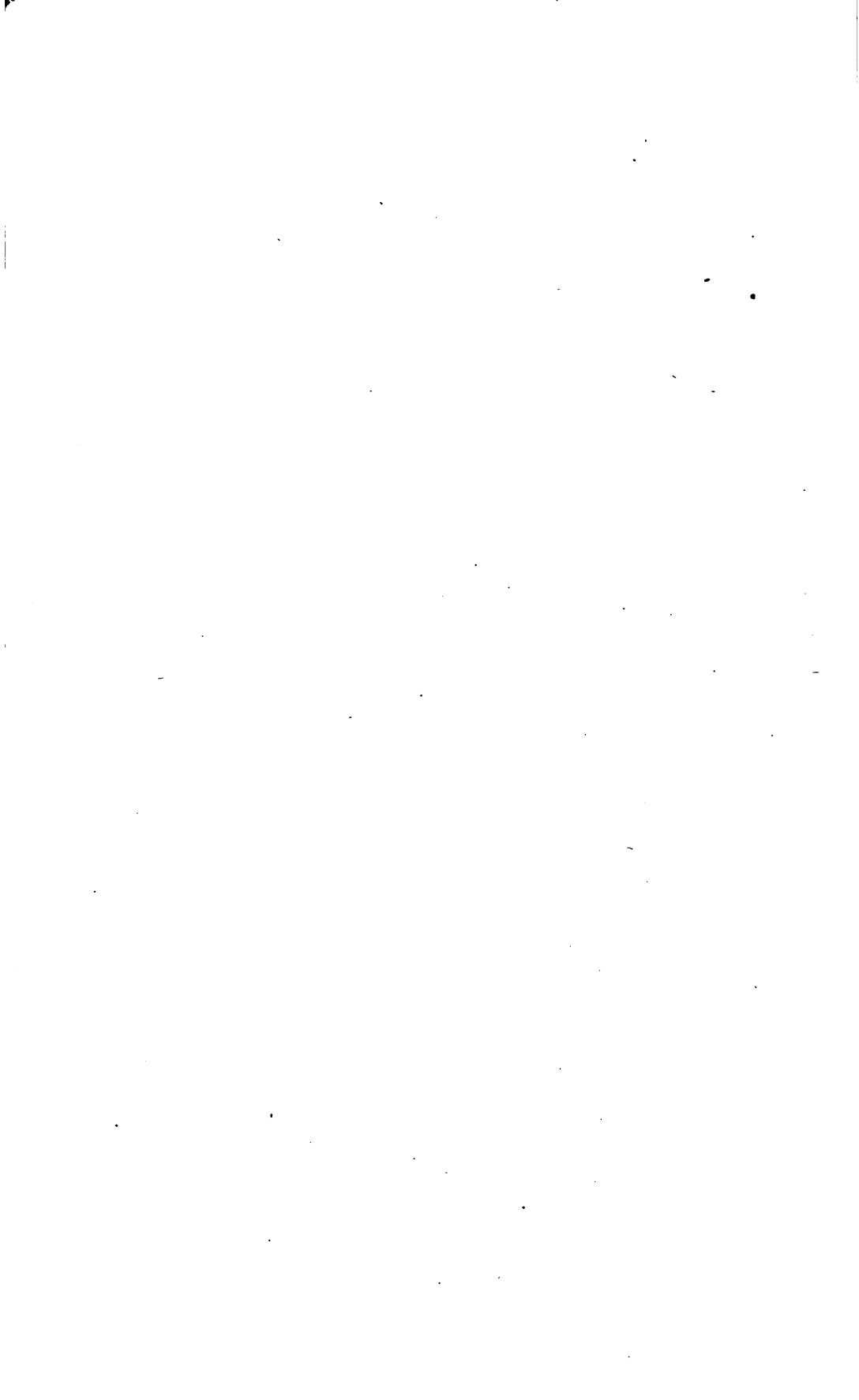
ty! I have more than once envied the fathers here who could find places for their sons in a healthful, industrial occupation, away from city excitements, and city perils, and city discomforts. Be thankful, my young friends, for the good homes you here enjoy, where your own mothers and sisters can care for you in sickness as no strangers can; and for the opportunities you here enjoy for religious culture amid the hallowed scenes of your youth, away from the many distractions and dangers that might befall you elsewhere. Duty may call you to go and live elsewhere; but assuredly it will not be more to your moral and spiritual welfare. And here, too, are opportunities of doing good, enough to enlist your best sympathy and energy.

Do, my young brethren, be faithful to Him who has called you to hope in his mercy. Be careful to maintain good works. The sweetest thoughts you will have in your dying moments, or, if your sudden death prevent such thoughts, the sweetest recollections that will linger about your tomb, will be in relation to your oneness with Christ, your good hope in his salvation.

And you, beloved, who know the love and the anxieties of parents, estimate above all price this religious concern for your offspring. What can be more valuable for them than treasure laid up in heaven? Peculiar favor you will deem it if all your children shall live longer than you, or all grow up to manhood. If the hand of the Lord should touch you, as it already has some of you, I shall know how to have pity upon you as never

before. Be concerned, dear friends, more and more, for the religious welfare of your children. See that their earliest thoughts are directed heavenward. Keep their young, incautious feet from every evil path; and rest not in your anxieties till they are brought in sweet and willing obedience to Christ, and then rest not in your prayers for them to be kept from ever-new dangers. If any of you still lament that your son or your daughter, though coming fast to years, is not yet a Christian, do not yet despair, but plead the more with a prayer-hearing God. Spare no anxieties or painstaking by which those you love as your own flesh shall come into the faith which is your hope, and which, seen in them, whether you bury them, or leave them to bury you, shall be to you as well as to them the greatest of all consolations.

FAMILY SKETCHES.





painful struggle with the death-power, he has fallen ; yet he has triumphed, and has become more than conqueror through the loving Redeemer. Just sixty years before his departure, he was baptized by Rev. William Parkinson, of New York, who at the time was on a missionary tour in Western Pennsylvania. Soon after removing to New Jersey, he united with the Baptist church in Pemberton, where, in the same dwelling, he continued to reside until his death.

"For many years he was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and long its presiding officer. He was honored, besides, with many trusts in the community, which required capacity and integrity. But the distinction he valued most was that of a Christian believer, and a burden-bearer in the church. For nearly forty years he served in the office of deacon, and none the less willingly in any position demanding promptness and responsibility. He was a lover of hospitality and of good men ; a firm adherent to the sound doctrine, which, in earlier days, he heard from such men of God as John Rogers and Daniel Dodge ; while his practical cast of mind no less endeared him to the scriptural idea of good works as the sure fruit of true faith. He was a positive man, holding no moral sentiment in uncertainty or disguise, and fearing no utterance of it which occasion required. In him was manifested a firm, self-reliant will, controlled by strong, intuitive common sense, and the subduings of grace ; showing that the plain, outspoken testimony to truth, which at times cost him the good will of others, was but the expression of an honest conviction which could brook no vain pretences, and no compromise of duty and expediency.

"The new house of worship which he had, amidst difficulties, long encouraged his brethren in endeavors to rear unto the Lord, he saw completed but a few days before his spirit went to the upper sanctuary. The many wayfaring servants of Christ who have shared the hospitality of his humble home, and others who have known him in various positions as a fellow-helper to the truth, will be pleased to learn that his last days, though marked with peculiar bodily suffering, were full of heavenly peace and hope. Forgetful of all secular cares, and the stirring events of the times, which, during the past few months, awakened intense solicitude for the perpetuity of the Union and its free institutions, he became fully absorbed in the one great thought of the glory to be revealed. His last written counsels, in a letter bearing a donation to a benevolent society, close with saying, 'Dear brethren, let me exhort you to make full proof of your fidelity to your Master: the time to work is short.' "

MRS. MARY BUDD SWAIM. — Mrs. Swaim, wife of Hon. Thomas Swaim, was born in Pemberton, N.J., in 1789. She died in the same place, Jan. 3, 1859, in the eighty-first year of her age. She was a professing Christian for more than half a century. Her piety manifested itself more in works than in words; yet she always had a fitting word for those whom she would win to her Saviour. Strongly rooted in the doctrine of sovereign grace, and firmly wedded to the denomination with which she was connected, she labored patiently and hopefully to strengthen the cause she had espoused. But it was in her own family, especially, that her Christian virtues shone with a steady light. A meek, humble, self-denying follower of Jesus, she wrought assiduously that they might be sharers in her faith and her peace. Her desires were granted. Her two sons were allowed the honor to stand as heralds on the walls of Zion, and one of her daughters became the companion of another successful minister of Christ. She was peculiarly rich in her experience of the heart of the gospel. She loved to talk about it to those with whom she was familiar. She always claimed one evening exclusively to herself, when her son Samuel visited her, that she might commune with him about heaven and the way thither. She was beloved by all who knew her, and died justly lamented.

JOSEPH NOBLE. — Mr. Noble was born in Newburyport, Mass., May 3, 1793; and died suddenly in Brooklyn, N.Y., Jan. 5, 1865, at the age of seventy-two. He was an extensive coal-merchant, connected with business-firms in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. He was widely known, and esteemed for his enterprise, uprightness, and all the manly virtues. He began life in humble circumstances, laboring as a mechanic; but entering into other pursuits, requiring sagacity, energy, and experience, in the course of his life he accumulated a large amount of property. A man of sterling principle, it is remembered by his intimate friends, that during the financial crisis of 1837, when he lost heavily by the failures of others, and could have justified himself, as many did, by cancelling his liabilities, he was scrupulous, almost to a fault, in meeting them. No man, probably, ever lost a dollar even by his unintentional neglect. His sympathies were quick and tender towards the needy; and the compassion of his heart, inspired by his own history, led him often to aid those who were struggling to rise above the level of dependence. Indeed, as proof of this, it was in a dwelling where he had gone to "search out the cause he knew not" that he unexpectedly breathed out his life. But, besides being a philanthropist,

a friend of justice and humanity, he was firmly established in the cardinal truths of evangelical religion. He always gave freely to support its advancement while living, and provided for its extension by liberal bequests to various benevolent societies. He, being dead, yet speaketh.

MARY N. SWAIM. — Mrs. Mary Nichols Swaim, the eldest daughter of Joseph and Mary G. Noble, was born in Portland, Me. She gave indications of a thoughtful and inquiring mind at a very early age. Before she was four years old, she was able to read fluently; and within a year, by regular daily portions, she read through the New Testament. Her moral deportment, from her earliest childhood, was singularly correct. In the eighteenth year of her age, under the ministry of Rev. John S. Maginnis, she became hopefully pious, and united with the Federal-street Baptist Church in Portland. It was about this time that Mr. Swaim first became acquainted with her. She was united to him in marriage, May 5, 1837, by the Rev. Dr. Sharp, in Boston, where her father's family then resided. She died in Worcester, Aug. 29, 1841. Concerning her character, her husband writes: "To a mind naturally sedate and thoughtful, divine grace early added the ornament of a sincere and exemplary piety. For the pursuits of religion, she turned away from the gayeties of pleasure at a period when their charms were the most numerous and attractive; and from that time her course was marked with unremitting zeal to increase her knowledge of divine things, and to be in every respect qualified for her important station. Sound judgment and high conscientiousness, combined with a good education, rendered her a judicious counsellor, and a steady friend of every cause of humanity; while her sweetness of temper, and unaffected yet dignified simplicity, gave an extent to her influence, which was frequently spoken of as peculiar. Among a numerous class of acquaintances in early life, her amiable and winning deportment left none to speak of her even with indifference. In the wife of a Christian pastor, these qualities were of special worth. In her judgment and integrity, they inspired a degree of confidence and respect never too highly estimated in such a sphere of female influence. To those more intimately acquainted with her principles, and motives to action; her readiness to meet any sacrifice of ease and enjoyment for the welfare of Zion; her impartial good will; her prudent speech; her habitual sense of 'the goodness of the grace' which had caused her to hope; her calm resignation to the will of the Lord, whether for life or death, — she has left evidence of her adoption into the family of heaven past all doubt.

"The precious truth, 'to die is gain,' preached at her funeral to a large and affected auditory by Rev. Dr. Stow, her former beloved pastor, was full of consolation to her afflicted relatives; and if it be true, that

'That life is long which answers life's great end,'

then was she, though removed in early life, an aged disciple. If she received a measure of grace, and ripeness of piety, not conferred upon some till past threescore years and ten, why has she not finished her course, fulfilled her destiny? And, if prepared for a better world, why, though a mysterious Providence ordered it, should we wish that she had staid longer on earth? Having faith in that 'glory which shall be revealed' in such as shall receive the adoption, instead of calling her back to struggle again with the foes of salvation, should we not rather say to her companions for eternity,—

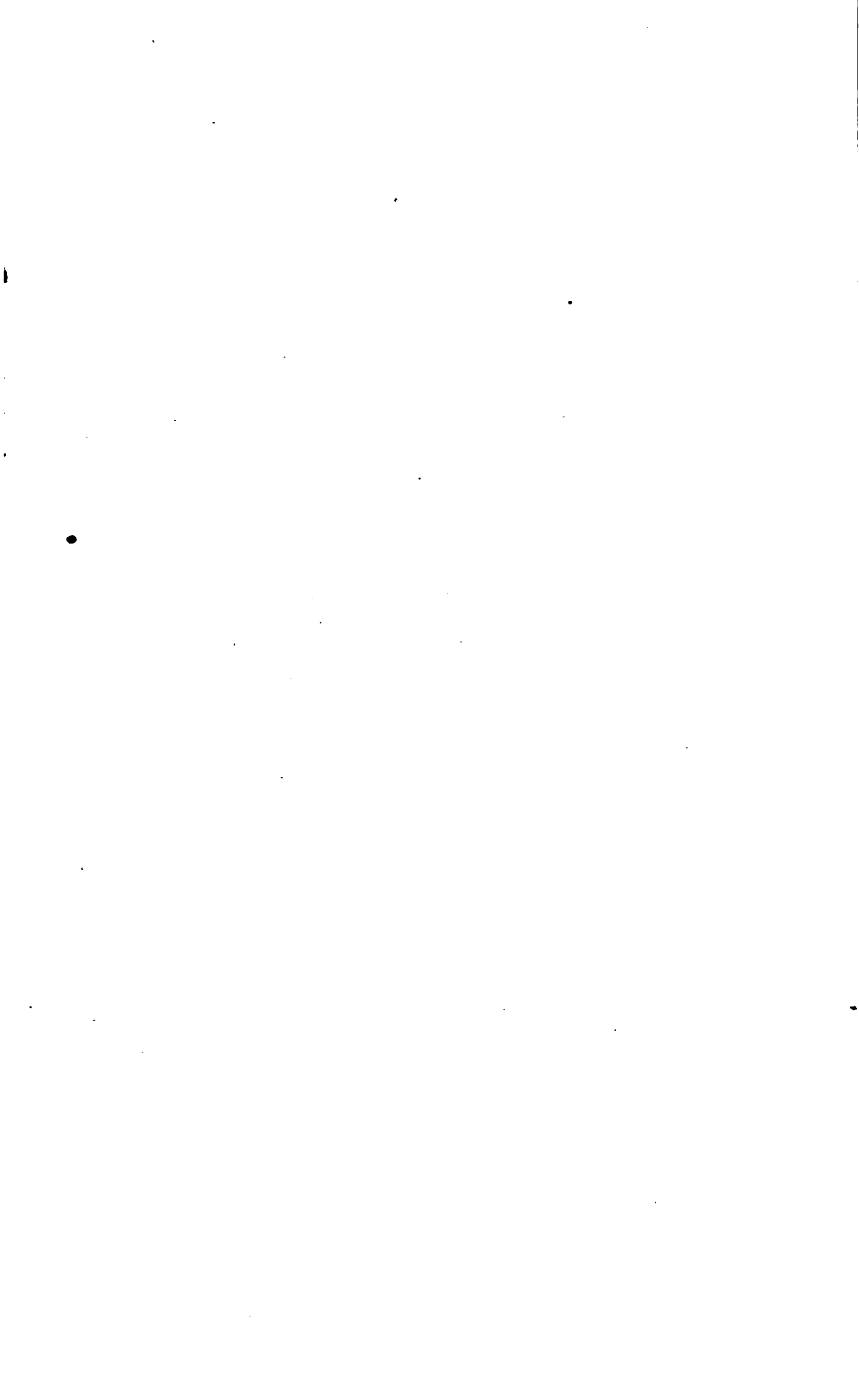
'Angels, rejoice! — a child is born
 Into your happier world above:
 Shall poor short-sighted mortals mourn
 While on the wings of heavenly love
 An everlasting spirit flies
 To claim her kindred in the skies?'"

MARY A. NOBLE SWAIM.—Of this estimable young friend, the eldest daughter of Dr. Swaim, we have a simple, truthful memorial in an article prepared by Dr. Stow, and published in "The Watchman and Reflector" the week after her death. Under the heading, "A Short Life well spent," he speaks thus: "At the age of twenty-five she was withdrawn from this earth-life, but not until she had well fulfilled her mission, and become qualified for service on a higher plane of existence. Naturally timid, and shrinking from notoriety, she filled only a small space in public observation; but the few who had facilities for intimate acquaintance regarded her character with special admiration, and regretted that her sensitiveness should have kept her so retired, and buried her worth so deep in the shade. The writer of this knew her as possessing much of the intellectual strength that distinguished her lamented father, in happy combination with the gentleness and amiableness of her sainted mother. Her mental powers were eminently analytical. Her judgments were deliberately formed, but never obtruded unsought. A keen observer of character, she detected its weak points, but was very sparing in the proclamation of her discoveries. From all that was mean and unworthy she recoiled with instinctive and uncon-

querable disaffection. Pure in thought and feeling, her circle of social fellowship was limited to the few minds of kindred purity. Well educated, she wrote with great beauty, but declined all exhibition of her productions with a more than due modesty. Her religious convictions were deep and stable; and, having examined for herself the foundations of her faith, she wavered not in her hope of eternal life. She loved to do good, and was 'full of good works and alms-deeds;' but her usefulness was as unostentatious as it was real and effective. She did no great thing; but, by a thousand little things, she quietly contributed to the happiness of others. Her life was one of Christian beauty, and her character was 'a gem of purest ray serene,' shining here only in retirement, but now lustrous in the sunlight of heaven.

"An heiress to a large amount of funds by the recent death of her worthy grandfather, Joseph Noble, Esq., she made a wise disposition of her fortune; giving freely so long as she lived, and distributing much more by her last will and testament. In her dispensation of bounty, she remembered objects of Christian benevolence to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars."

TRIBUTES.



TRIBUTES.

THE following obituary notice was presented to the American Baptist Missionary Union at the annual meeting held in St. Louis, Mo., May 23, 1865 : —

“SAMUEL BUDD SWAIM, D.D., son of Hon. Judge Swaim of Pemberton, N. J., was, from his earliest years, trained up in the way he should go ; and he did not depart from it. Converted in early life, he graduated with honor at Brown University and at the Newton Theological Institution ; preached in Maine and in Ohio ; and then followed the noble and illustrious Jonathan Going in the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Worcester, Mass. For many years he ably sustained this position, till even his vigorous frame and powerful mind became exhausted by his incessant toils ; and he sought relief in a smaller charge at West Cambridge, Mass. How conscientiously and thoroughly he discharged the manifold duties of a good minister of Jesus Christ, it was the privilege of some of us to witness for more than thirty years. Slightly subject to nervous depression, he bore up manfully against its influences ; and was at once the personification of industrious, conscientious devotement, of superior natural capabilities, joined with lovely, Christ-like humility and self-obliviousness. His breadth of view in every thing pertaining to the stewardship of an ambassador of Christ gave manifest proof of his wisdom and skill in combining the power of the press in preparing elementary religious instruction for youth, with a marked capacity to meet the wants of a numerous and intelligent congregation. He was also an earnest advocate of the cause of home and foreign missions : he believed them to be in harmony with the divine plan for the evangelization of the world. But the Saviour whom he loved and served so well has relieved him from the intense toils and painful vigils of a sentinel on the outposts

of duty, to welcome him to the blissful rest awaiting the good and faithful servant. Earth is indeed poorer, but heaven is richer, by such a transition."

EAST CAMBRIDGE, March 20, 1865.

Mrs. S. B. SWAIM.

My dear Sister, — At a meeting of the Theological Club, held in Boston on Monday last, the following preamble and resolutions were passed by a unanimous vote, and I was appointed to convey to you a copy. In doing so, accept the assurance that these resolutions were not passed to comply with an honored custom, but as the sincere expression of the feelings of brethren who had been intimately associated with your departed husband, and had loved him as a brother.

In Christian sympathy, yours,

H. K. PERVEAR, *Sec. Theo. Club.*

Whereas, It hath pleased Almighty God to call home our beloved brother SAMUEL B. SWAIM, for many years a successful and devoted preacher of the gospel, and a member of this club from its organization: therefore

Resolved, 1. That we desire to testify our appreciation of his character as a consistent Christian, a large-hearted and genial brother, a firm friend, a wise counsellor, and a powerful and fearless preacher of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

2. That we recognize in the life and labors of Dr. Swaim an admirable combination of accurate theological attainments with a most perfect devotion to his calling as an ambassador of Christ, and a prompt and glad recognition of merit wherever displayed.

3. That we tender our most sincere and respectful sympathy to the family of the deceased, praying that in their irreparable loss the "widow's God" and the "Father of the fatherless" may be their support and consolation, preparing them to join in heaven him whom they so deeply mourn.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the secretary to the bereaved family, and that they be entered on the records of this club. A true copy.

Attest:

H. K. PERVEAR, *Secretary.*

BOSTON, April 3, 1865.

The Baptist ministers of Boston and vicinity, assembled in their monthly meeting, desire to express their estimate of the loss they have sustained in the death of their late associate, Rev. SAMUEL BUDD SWAIM, D.D.

We respected him as a man of large mental endowments and wide reach of thought; we honored him as one in whom straight-forward integrity and manly independence were joined with generosity of spirit; we loved him as a Christian brother, in whom the grace of God had mellowed all those qualities of mind and heart which endear one to his friends; we confided in him as a Christian teacher, whose experience and training rendered him a safe guide, and to whom the doctrines of Christ were precious.

The son of an honored Christian father, he gave new dignity to a name already widely known among our churches. As a pastor in Worcester and in West Cambridge, he enjoyed the confidence and respect of the members of the churches to which he ministered. As a preacher, while he laid no claim to the graces of oratory, he spoke with the energy of deep conviction, and with the persuasive power of one to whom the truths he preached were living realities.

His sudden removal from this world has made a large vacancy in our ranks, and has interrupted plans which he was maturing for the general prosperity of our churches in this Commonwealth. May the great Head of the Church raise up others of equal moral power and devotion to do his work!

J. B. MORSE, *Secretary*.

NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Newton Theological Institution, held June 28, 1865, a committee was appointed to draught resolutions in memory of the Rev. S. B. Swaim, D.D., one of its oldest trustees, and report the same to the Executive Committee of the Board. The following is the resolution:—

Resolved, That, as the Trustees of the Newton Theological Institution, we desire to place on record our deep sense of the loss we have sustained in the recent decease of our associate, the Rev. SAMUEL B. SWAIM, D.D. While uniting with the other bodies of which he was a member in expressing our sympathy with his afflicted family, and our esteem for his rare good judgment, combined with fervent piety, we

wish particularly to express our appreciation of his constant and intelligent interest in this institution, as the means of efficient service to the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the value of his counsels and labors in its behalf.

R. C. MILLS, *Chairman of the Committee.*

